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Selections.

From the New World.

THE PUBLIC MORALS.

Why should not conscience have vacation,
As well as other courts of the nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance, and return?—*Butler.*

Such was the question propounded in the days of Hudibras. A more natural one to be asked at the present time, would be, whether the vacation in the court of conscience is to have no end?—whether its adjournment was *sine die*, and "appearance and return" are never more to be appointed? It is now several years since this general holyday commenced. We were then in the full tide of commercial prosperity. The bubble of speculation dazzled even sober-minded men with its varying and enchanting colors of golden hue; individual and national vanity kept pace with the raging mania; and, blinded by the glittering bauble, we persuaded ourselves that we were the greatest nation that the sun had shone upon since the birth of time; and we succeeded in deceiving others into the belief that we were indeed a wonderful people. The kingdoms of the Old World regarded us with astonishment; and their subjects, believing our story, and trusting to our honor, hastened to double their incomes by investing in American securities millions of money. Luxury and extravagance, to an extent almost without precedent, naturally ensued; and the same, or similar causes—which in other ages gradually humbled, and at length vanquished, in succession, the glory of Assyria, Persia, Greece, and Rome—in a few brief months, wrought a change in the aspect of our young and boastful country.

Another era in our history is the present; and we begin to see ourselves as we are. Sovereign States of this proud republic are repudiating sacred debts. Financial institutions, great and small, are bankrupt; and all who trusted them, are suffering from their failures, but the trustees, who were chosen by confiding stockholders, to control their management. Hundreds of thousands, in foreign lands, amid the poverty which has overtaken them while reposing upon our faith, lament, with widows and orphans within our own border, the sad results of misplaced confidence. And could we exclude from our view every other blot upon our national character; could we shut our ears to the groans of the millions of unpaid laborers, whose wretched and unrequited toil supplies the staple of our land; could we forget the lawless violence that has stalked unrebuked through the free and slave States, trampling upon the rights of freemen, and even desecrating the temples of the Most High; could we exclude from our view the disgraceful scenes constantly presented to our national and State legislatures, and all the paltry schemings of unprincipled partisans for their own selfish purposes; and bodies of intelligent men oftentimes deluded with flattering lies, obeying self-appointed committees of demagogues, with the servility of slaves; could we forget this panorama of vice and folly which it is our misfortune daily to witness—there would still be enough, in the single fact of commercial dishonesty and pecuniary fraud, to make every honest American hang his head, and blush for his country and his countrymen. The breaches of public and private faith; the impaired confidence between State and State, and between man and man—the black deviations from truth, which are every now and then disclosed, to the astonishment of the community—the frequent embezzlements of trust funds—the quibbles, and mean devices of statesmen and politicians, and the consciousness of sullied honor, are other features of our present national character, which will occur to every observant reader.

The causes of these great evils are undoubtedly to be found in the general laxity of public opinion; the disbelief in the existence and binding authority of Christian principles; and the opinion, favored, alas! not only by infidels, but by Christians, that duty may rightfully succumb to the dictates of expediency. Nothing can be more true, than that the character of the individuals composing it; or, as Condillac expresses it,

Les vertus domestiques
Decident les mœurs publiques.

And thus it is easy to see how important an influence upon public morals may be wielded by every individual, however humble; and how each in his own sphere either vitiates or purifies the moral atmosphere breathed by those around him. It is not, however, of the duty of individuals, so much as of legislators, magistrates, and judges, that we would now speak, as we believe a great amount of the vice and licentiousness of the age, and especially of this large city, is attributable to a culpable negligence on their part. To them, peculiarly, it belongs,

By wholesome laws to embank the sovereign power,
To deepen by restraint, and by prevention
Of lawless will to amass and guide the flood
In its majestic channel.—*Coleridge.*

The mightiest engine in the formation of national character, is the moral education of the young; which, whatever some may think, is of infinitely more importance than their mere literary advancement. "The culture and manurence of minds in youth," said Bacon, "hath such a forcible, though unseen operation, as hardly any length can overcome." And, as Xenophon tells us, that among the ancient Persians, the State assumed the charge both of the moral and intellectual improvement of the youth, so would we have the rulers of our Christian State the censors and guardians of the morals of the people. All publications, whether in the shape of prints, or books, or newspapers, which, by the expression of blasphemous or licentious principles, strike at the root, not only of religion, but of morality, should be extirpated, as the most dangerous foes to the public weal.

We are too apt, as a people, in our eagerness to enlarge the theory and extend the practical workings of democracy, to forget that Christianity has any claim upon our attention; and many of our newspaper presses are even more ready to take alarm at insinuations of the possible fallibility of a majority in the State, than at open and shameless violation of the holiest laws of Heaven. While worshipping at the shrine of democracy, and echoing the cry of its votaries, that all power comes from the people, they should remember that there is a power as far removed from the highest human authority as the heavens from the earth; and that no imaginary responsibility to the petty sovereigns of the land, can exempt them from the dread and awful responsibility to the Eternal Ruler of the universe. Our rulers, and especially our judges, throwing off all trickery and sycophancy, should remember that in the principles of Christianity consist those obligations whereby civil society is preserved; that they constitute a part of the law of the land; and, "therefore," in the language of Chief Justice Hall, "whatever derides Christianity, derides the law, and consequently is an offense against the law." Another English judge, Ashurst, well remarked, from the bench, "that although the Almighty did not require the aid of human tribunals to vindicate His precepts, it was nevertheless fit to show our abhorrence of such wicked doctrines as were not only an offense against God, but *against all law and government, from their direct tendency to dissolve all the bonds and obligations of civil society.*"

* * * * * * * *

In extending our remarks to the irresistible influence of vile prints, we would be fearful of encroaching upon the province of the pulpit, did we not know that licentiousness is an evil never to be mentioned to ears polite; and therefore rarely, if ever, touched upon, even in the licentious city, by those whose sacred profession is the cure of souls. How far the plea of indelicacy justifies our reverend clergy, teachers of God's truth, in keeping silence on a crime, which, to their certain knowledge, is yearly consigning thousands to perdition, it is not our object to inquire; and we only mention the fact as an apology, if any were needed, for remarks which may be construed into an unnecessary and presumptuous lay-sermon on one of the ten commandments, which was promulgated amid the terrors of Mount Sinai, and is read, Sunday by Sunday, in every Episcopal church.

It is impossible that such papers, filled, as it would appear from the report of a trial of one of the publishers in the court of sessions, with sketches of *roués*, whose lives have been devoted to seduction, and of the miserable victims of these hellish arts; with lascivious plates, and filthy jests; whose tone is openly and avowedly licentious, without even the mask of decency—whose sensuality is represented in pictures, and taught in every line—it is utterly impossible that such things should be read, or even looked at, by the young, without leaving a taint upon the mind.

"Guard well thy thoughts;" "Our thoughts are heard in Heaven," is the language not only of poetry, but of truth; and the imagination cannot long remain depraved, and the body continue virtuous.

The fly,
That feeds on dung, is colored thereby.

And that which the mind digests, soon gives its hue to the character. The evil stops not where it begins. "All vice," says Tillotson, "stands upon a precipice; and to engage in any sinful course, is to run down hill;" and of no vice is this more true, than of licentiousness. In the words of the poet, Rowe,

Lust is, of all the frailties of our nature,
What most we ought to fear—the headstrong beast
Rushes along, impatient of the course,
Nor hears the rider's call, nor feels the rein.

"The cockatrice," says Jeremy Taylor, "is soonest crushed in the shell; but if it grows, it turns to a serpent, a dragon, and a devil." The effect of this vice upon the individual, and consequently upon society, is thus stated by Paley: "However it be accounted for, *the criminal commerce of the sexes corrupts and depraves the mind, and moral character, more than any species of vice whatsoever.* That ready perception of guilt that prompts a decisive resolution against it, which constitutes a virtuous character, is seldom found in persons addicted to these indulgences. They prepare an early admission for every sin that seeks it; are in low life, usually the first step in men's progress to the most desperate villanies, and in high life, to that lamented dissoluteness of principle, which manifests itself in a profligacy of public conduct, and a contempt of the obligation of religious and moral probity." The truth of these remarks we think none can dispute, who have witnessed the influence and progress of licentiousness; and thus it becomes evident that a very large proportion of the public immorality, of all sorts, is attributable to this one beginning.

"Wherever impurity prevails," said Dr. Dwight, who did not, like some of the divines of our own day, deem himself at liberty to sacrifice duty to expediency, and shape his discourses according to the prejudice of his hearers; "wherever impurity prevails, all crimes become gross, rank, and premature. Impiety, blasphemy, treachery, drunkenness, and murder, flourish around it. How justly, then, as well as how solemnly, did the divine writer declare concerning the strange woman: 'Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.'"

The licentious character soon becomes habitual; and the man that has made his lawless will lord of his reason and his duty, soon appears in a new character—that of the seducer—

"Who can smile, and smile, and be a villain;"

and who spreads abroad, among the pure, the innocent, and the lovely, wretchedness and misery, which no language can describe.

Capricious, wanton, bold, and brutal lust
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And, like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.
Milton.

How many thousands have thus fallen, we have no data or statistics by which to determine; nor is it necessary; but, we believe, no city in our country is so cursed as ours, with houses of ill-fame—"those tenements of prostitution and profligacy," to quote again Dr. Dwight, "which stand publicly as the gateway to hell—opening to their miserable inhabitants a broad and beaten pathway to perdition. Into those deplorable mansions the polluted female, cast off by mankind as an outlaw from human society; shorn even from the side of natural affection and parental mercy; betrayed by the villany of a second *Judas*, and hurried by shame, remorse, and anguish—enters, never to escape. Here, from the first moment, she closes her eyes upon friends, kindness, and compassion—takes her final farewell of earthly comfort; and sees, with a dying eye, the last glimpse of hope go out in eternal night. * * * Immortal life becomes extinct. Hither the hope of heaven never comes, that comes to all; and the wretched throng, embosomed by these baneful walls, enter upon their perdition on this side the grave." "Who," continues Dr. Dwight, in the same able sermon, "that is not lost to candor, or buried in misanthropy, could believe, unless he were forced to believe, that princes, and other rulers of mankind, have taxed and licensed these houses of ruin; and that in countries where the gospel beams, and the voice of salvation is heard in the streets, who could believe that sin would be thus bartered in the market, and damnation be holden up as a commodity for bargain and sale; that the destruction of the human soul would be thus publicly announced, granted, and authorized as a privilege; and that patents would be made out, signed, and sealed, for populating more extensively the world of wo?" The crime, so forcibly denounced by this learned and faithful preacher, may not be directly chargeable upon our city magistrates; for no direct revenue is derived by them from these palaces of sin; but the fact of their being permitted, and the fact that such papers as the "Rake," and the "Flash," are allowed, week after week, to be openly hawked through our streets, tending, as they do, to increase licentiousness *ad infinitum*, and pollute thousands whom the influence of houses of prostitution would never reach, renders it a question how far they are innocent of a charge equally heinous.

Few but the observants are aware, not only "*quam parva sapientia regitur mundis*," (with how little wisdom the world is governed;) but with how little virtue, and how little honesty. Yet it is nevertheless true, that every public officer, whether legislative, judicial, or executive, has peculiar and imperative duties, which he cannot escape, by turning them to ridicule; and which are not discharged by acting upon the present approved maxim, that "to the victors belong the spoils," and by using the high authority of his office to acquire pelf or popularity. Nothing is more true, than that the happiness of a nation depends upon the character of its rulers; and every officer is bound "to become a blessing by his example." "He that ruleth over men," in the beautiful language of inspiration, "must be just, ruling in the fear of the Lord; and he shall be as the light of the morning when the sun ariseth; even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springeth out of the earth by clear shining after rain."

The responsibility which rests upon individuals to discountenance unchastity, is, we believe, owing to the silence of the pulpit, but little felt or understood. The adulterer, whose "eye waiteth for the twilight," as he comes from the brothel, reeking with obscenity, is admitted in private parlors and the saloons of fashion—to the society of the virtuous, the pure, and the unsuspecting.

Fathers and brothers know the fact, and allow him entrance; and see the daughter and the sister pledge her maiden love at the altar, to one whom honest men should scorn. The curse follows, in the rupture of the holiest ties, the destruction of domestic peace; and children, whose diminutive stature, and weakly frames, are to be transmitted to other generations. Jeremy Taylor enumerates the severe penalties inflicted for adultery by the laws of the Egyptians, the Locrians, the Germans, the Gortymæans, and the Cumani; but in some of the higher circles of our Christian community, it is scarcely punished by a frown.

Most devoutly do we trust that our remarks upon this subject may have some influence toward the correction of this evil, both with the magistrates, who have the power to stay its progress; with the community, who can stamp it with their reprobation; and especially with the young men who are giving the best years of their life to crime and dissipation; that they may feel that they were created for nobler purposes; that they contain within themselves elements of greatness, and are sinning against Heaven, and their own souls.

In Shelley's verse, but yet in Christian truth may it be said, that

"—— man, who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme—establishing his throne
On vanquished will."

And another poet aptly exclaims,

"Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man."

Thousands and thousands have sunk, the victims of licentiousness; and many mighty souls, lit with the fire of genius, that have blazed for a while with the brilliancy of a Congreve rocket, shattered by this miserable vice, have fallen, like the blackened stick, into a rayless tomb. While others, of lesser intellect, but of purer chastity, after lives of usefulness and honor, being dead, yet speak, and the lustre of their virtues shines while they are slumbering in the grave, like the light that nightly comes to us from the fixed stars of unmeasured distance from our sphere, which, for aught we know, may have burnt out in heaven, and vanished from their orbits many hundred years ago. Selfishness, cruelty, and meanness; dishonor, infamy, and ruin are the inevitable companions and consequences of unhallowed lust—while, in the language of Jeremy Taylor, "a pure mind, in a chaste body, is the mother of wisdom and deliberation; sober councils, and ingenuous actions; open deportment, and sweet carriage; sincere principles, and unprejudiced understanding; love of God; self-denial; peace, and confidence; holy prayers, and spiritual comfort; and a pleasure of spirit infinitely greater than the sottish and beastly pleasures of unchastity."

And with these words we close our remarks upon this topic; without any apology for having spoken thus plainly on a subject which some may think is indelicate to have touched upon at all.

It is often charged upon those who speak plainly on the vices of the age, and the crimes of the nation, that they are wanting in patriotism; and that they should, as much as possible, conceal from the gaze of the world every deformity and every blemish. We belong not to this school; for we believe, "*Fide digni autem sint qui et volunt et possunt verum dicere.*" (They, and they only, are worthy of confidence, who are both willing and able to speak the truth.) Let both people and rulers remember, in the words of Burke, that, "to love our country, our country must be lovely;" and if lawlessness and vice are allowed to stalk unrebuked through our land, no loud expression of abstract truths, no record in our constitution and charters of great and holy principles, will suffice to preserve freedom. We shall be "mocked with sounds of liberty," while liberty herself is absent; and already have we descended, in the scale of truth and freedom, from that high eminence from which we declared our independence.

In the school of Pythagoras, if any one, from impatience of the rigid discipline, chose to withdraw before the expiration of the term of trial, he was dismissed with a double share of the stock he had advanced; a tomb was erected for him; and he was forgotten by his old companions, as a dead man. In the school of liberty, founded by our revolutionary fathers, how many, who claimed to be their sons, have gone forth and repudiated their principles, to acquire a larger portion of worldly pelf and worthless popularity; and if we were to follow the striking example of the Pythagoreans, how many a grave-stone would rear its gloomy front, to mark the death of free principles in every part of our country—from our Capitol, where

"Slavery wields her scourge of iron,
Red with mankind's unheeded gore,"

to the remotest corner, where demagogues to the idol of party, sacrifice their country and themselves. Alas! the monuments of the living would vie in multitude with those of the dead: our land would wear the semblance of a vast grave-yard, and a death's-head and cross-bones would be blazoned on many and many a house whose owner dares, before an indignant Heaven and a wondering world, to claim the title of a lover of liberty. Truly is there reason for calling upon every American, private citizen and public officer, layman and priest, and all of every grade, and class, and station, to frown upon licentiousness and vice; to fight against tyranny and oppression; and to reprobate, with Christian sternness, every principle that tends to dishonor the law, to depress mankind, and to crush religion; and, apart from the thousand other motives that should influence them to this course, we may say to each, who feels a spark of attachment for his native land, and the government established by his fathers—

"This do,
Lest we should fall as from a glorious pinnacle
In a bright dream."

From the Philanthropist.

THE CONSTITUTION, AND FUGITIVE SLAVES.

A friend, whom I greatly honor for the courage and ability he has often shown in the defense of human rights, has lately written to me, expressing dissatisfaction at my remarks in the 37th number, on the clause of the Constitution, respecting the surrender of fugitives from service or labor. I have carefully reviewed those remarks, with a sincere determination, if I detected anything in them, wrong in principle, or extravagant in expression, to acknowledge my error. For, no reader of my paper, will charge me, with a fondness for saying rash or extravagant things. The review has confirmed me in the belief, that the clause animadverted upon, imposes upon the people of this Union, duties, grossly, palpably immoral, and which, *therefore*, ought not to be performed.

Our friend will agree with us, that the obligation on a human being to love his neighbor as himself, and respect all his rights, is primitive, universal, and unalterable. No circumstances can suspend, or invalidate it. No pledge, oath, or covenant, can strengthen, weaken, or annul it. If I swear or covenant to do an act, incompatible with this great obligation; in other words, to do a *wrong*, the oath or covenant is null and void. Otherwise, it would be in my power to cast off the obligation altogether, to bind myself always to hate my fellow-beings, and violate their rights, that is, to make right, wrong, and wrong, right, truth, falsehood, and falsehood, truth—which God himself cannot do.

The same obligation is binding on States, which are but associations of individuals, every one of whom, as well as the aggregate, the Governor of the universe holds accountable for their acts. No State, by any compact, covenant, or treaty, can bind itself to do an act, inconsistent with this obligation—that is, to rob, murder, or enslave men—or to aid or abet any of these acts; otherwise, by trickery of constitution or treaty, it might bind itself to repudiate all right, to commit all wrong, and yet be guiltless!

One more preliminary remark.

Slaveholding is a complete abrogation of the law of love to our neighbor—for it violates nearly all his rights. Now, to aid or abet crime, is just as clearly wrong, as its actual commission. That man, or that State, therefore, that in any way aids or abets the crime of slaveholding, is as clearly guilty, as the slaveholder, or slaveholding State. And, as it is the duty of the slaveholder to cease from his wrong doing at once, so too, is it the duty of the person or State aiding or abetting, to desist immediately from yielding such aid or countenance. So much for first principles.

Let us now determine the precise nature and extent of the duty imposed on the people of the free States, by the constitutional clause in question.

This duty is no less than aiding and abetting the crime of slaveholding. I grant, that in view of the decision of the Supreme Court, in the great Pennsylvania and Maryland case, the citizens of free States are not bound to arrest, or aid personally in arresting, or carrying back into bondage escaping slaves. But, there are other modes of aiding the slaveholder, as we shall now show.

The fourth of the series of resolutions, introduced into Congress by Mr. Giddings, in relation to the Creole affair, was as follows:

Resolved, That slavery, being an abridgment of the natural rights of men, can exist only by force of positive municipal law; and is necessarily confined to the territorial jurisdiction of the power creating it.

This resolution embodies a great common-sense truth. It follows, that the slavery of Virginia, or of Kentucky, cannot exist beyond the territorial jurisdiction of either State—that the slave escaping from either, becomes, by that act, *free*. Hence, any slave, escaping from a slave State, into any other State, is of right, free, and would be so, in fact, did not some law prevail in that State, which re-enslaved him, so soon as he entered it. Now, how is it with the free States? In all of them, the escaping slave, *continues* a slave—his master may reclaim and seize him wherever he pleases—the condition of *property*, with all its incidents, attaches to him, throughout the Union. Hear the Supreme Court.

"It," (this obnoxious clause,) "contemplates the unqualified right of ownership in slaves, which no State laws can be permitted to regulate, qualify, control, or restrain.

"Any State law to delay or postpone the right of the owner to the service of his slave, is, *pro tanto*, a discharge. The clause, therefore, recognizes the positive right of the owner, with no qualifications, to property in his fugitive slave, to the same extent, and with all the same incidents, as in the State where he was held as a slave. The owner has in *every* State, all the rights conferred by the local laws of his own State, ergo, that of recapture. Under the Constitution, the owner is invested with the right to recapture his slave, wherever he finds him, throughout the Union."

Slavery, then, in certain cases, is established as the law of the Union. The Constitution of the United States extends the municipal law of slavery into every State of the Union, so far as to cover the case of escaping slaves—in derogation of natural right, and the organic law of the free States. Without doubt, then, this clause of the Constitution was designed to aid and abet the claim of the slaveholder. For, says the court, "we know historically, that it, (the clause,) was designed to secure the rights of ownership to slaves, as *property*, in those States where slavery did not exist, or might be abolished. No nation or State is bound to recognize the laws of slavery. It is a purely municipal concern. The object of the clause was to limit the sovereignty of the States in this respect."

We have then reached the fact, that this clause in the Constitution does aid and abet slaveholding. The question is, whence does it derive its force? From the action of the States of this Union, including, of course, the free States, whose consent alone gives it binding efficacy. What, then, have the free States done? They have abnegated a portion of their sovereignty, for the sake of securing to the slaveholder his usurped right of property in man. They have agreed to the establishment of a law, which re-imposes and rivets the shackles on the limbs of the escaping slave. Their attitude, then, is not that of *neutrality*—they have made themselves active accessories to the crime of slaveholding. This is not all. They are accessories under another view. Hear the court again.

"The right of the owner, under the Constitution, and the duty of the national legislature are co-extensive. It is their *natural place* to establish an uniform mode of asserting his claim. And to make such legislation effectual, the power to legislate must be exclusively in Congress."

And the reason of this is stated in another part of the decision.

"The owner may not find his servant, or be able to enforce his demand, restricted by local courts, and State legislation concerning it. So the remedy may be worthless."

* * * "The very clause was designed to be a protection to the slave owner against the legislation of the States."

Hence, the power to enforce the claim of the slaveholder, and prescribe the mode for asserting it, must be vested in the national legislature. What is the national legislature? The creature of the people of the several States. So, then, the people of the free States have not only abnegated a portion of their sovereignty, and consented to the creation of an exception to natural right upon their soil, for the sake of securing to the slaveholder his usurped right of ownership, but, they have gone still further—they have made it the duty of the national legislature, a majority of the members of which represent their wishes and interests, to grant facilities to the slaveholder, and enforce his claim against the legislation, and the public sentiment of their several States! In a twofold sense, therefore, the people of the free States are aiders and abetters of the crime of slaveholding—and in a twofold sense, the whole nation may justly be pronounced a slaveholding nation.

Now, if the obligation of the great law of love, is primitive, universal, and unalterable; if an accessary in the eye of the law is as clearly guilty as the principal; if aiding and abetting slaveholding, is as certainly criminal, as slaveholding itself; if slaveholding is a violation of the law of love, which bids me love my neighbor as myself, and scrupulously respect all his rights—then the free States, in binding themselves to surrender up a fugitive from bondage, on demand of the slaveholder, have committed a gross and palpable immorality, and therefore, the compact in this particular is *null and void*.

For one, we are not anxious to conceal our views from pro-slavery people. We hold that it would be far better, more honorable, more just, for the free States to come out openly, and say to the slave States, we cannot do this thing, and sin against God, rather than attempt, under cover of law, by legal technicalities and tricks, to counteract this odious clause of the Constitution, and make it of none effect. Let us deal openly and above-board.

NOTE.—A later number of the Philanthropist says:

On a review of this article, we are led to retract a portion, though happily an immaterial one, of our argument. We refer to that part, which would infer guilt on the part of the free States, from the alledged *duty* of the national legislature to enforce the slaveholder's claim, and prescribe the mode of asserting it. We proceeded on the assumption that such *was* its duty, in view of the decision of the Supreme Court; unmindful at the time, that this decision was not the Constitution, and might yet be reversed. Our opinion is, and has been for years, that Congress has no right to legislate upon the subject—the clauses of the Constitution, in relation to fugitives from justice, and fugitives from service, being clauses of compact or treaty between the States, and conferring no power on the national legislature to enforce them.

From the Buffalo Journal.

GEORGIA.

A committee of the Georgia legislature has made the following report on certain resolutions lately passed, and sent to the governor of that State, by the legislature of Massachusetts. We do not think much is gained in harmony of feeling between the States, by this official interchange of opinions.

Report of the Committee on the State of the Republic, on the Resolutions from Massachusetts.

The committee on the state of the republic, to whom were referred the various resolutions from other States, beg leave to report:

That among the resolutions transmitted by his excellency, the governor, are certain resolutions of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, against the imprisonment of free negroes, under the laws of those States which forbid the ingress of such persons within our borders.

Your committee would have passed by these resolutions unnoticed, as the sickly effusion of a wild and reckless fanaticism, had they not pronounced such a law "a violation of the federal Constitution." Georgia has such a law on her statute book, and we deem it our duty to repel the charge as unfounded in truth, and as manifesting a spirit which, if not rebuked and checked, will sooner or later destroy our institutions, and dissolve our Union. No State has a legal or moral right to interfere with the domestic policy or internal regulations of a sister State. Georgia has never rebuked Massachusetts for fraternizing with negroes, nor held her up to the reprobation of the States of this Union for her violation of the charter of confederacy, by proclaiming those citizens who were not so at the adoption of the federal Constitution, thereby attempting to add to that sacred instrument, and thus violating the letter and spirit of the compact.

If your committee had no other lights to guide them, than those furnished by the Constitution, they would be at a loss to ascertain what clause is referred to by the legislature of Massachusetts, as being violated by the law above alluded to, but we are constrained to suppose that this bold assertion is based upon that section which grants to the citizens of each State all the privileges of citizens in the several States. The meaning of this article is too plain for cavil, and could only have been intended to guaranty to the citizens of any one State, the privileges to which citizens of other States were entitled—or, in other words, admitting negroes to be citizens under the Constitution, (which is utterly denied,) Georgia would have no right to exclude the black citizens of Massachusetts from privileges granted to the black citizens of Maine or New-York. It is a universal rule of construction, that terms used in statutes are to be construed according to their generally received import; and this rule applies with great force to the Constitution of the United States. Were negroes, or persons of color, regarded as citizens at the adoption of the federal Constitution? They were not—and the term "citizens," as used in that instrument, can only refer to those who were embraced in its definition at the time of its adoption. But upon this subject Georgia will not condescend to argue; she will adopt the language of Massachusetts in her remonstrance against the embargo, and say, "that the people of this country are not accustomed to class among their rights such enjoyments and privileges as depend on the will of any set of men whatever; under such circumstances, they would cease to be the rights of a free people."

Be it therefore Resolved, That negroes, or persons of color, are not citizens, under the Constitution of the United States, and that Georgia will never recognize such citizenship.

Be it further Resolved, That his excellency, the governor, transmit a copy of the above preamble and resolution to the governors of the several States of this confederacy.

These Georgia constitutional lawyers here lay it down broadly, that negroes were not regarded as citizens at the time of the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, and *never can be* made citizens of any State. To make them such is unconstitutional. Now for men who maintain a *strict construction* of the letter of the Constitution, who contend that all rights were reserved to the States, except such as were expressly granted in that instrument: for sticklers for State rights, men who pretend to be democrats, too, this is giving a most extraordinary latitude to the powers of the United States Constitution. We should like to see the clause of it which prescribes to each State the color, height, or other qualifications of persons who are to be admitted to the rights of suffrage or citizenship in any State. But "on this point Georgia will not condescend to argue." Very good reason why. Her argument must fail.

Sec. 2, Art. IV. of the Constitution of the United States reads—

"1. The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States."

Now some of the citizens of Maine were born in Maine, and some were born in other parts of the world. Some are the descendants of Dutchmen, some of Englishmen, some of Frenchmen, and some of African negroes, with mixtures of each or either. Our constitution makes no distinction between them. One is just as much a citizen as another; and if one of these citizens can be seized as a felon and sold as a slave whenever he ventures into Georgia, upon such a poor quibble as this Georgia committee sets up, it is a pity if we cannot find some way to evade the force of another part of the very same section of the Constitution, which is as follows:

"3. No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party, to whom such service or labor may be due."

Shall any man be given up without a trial by jury? Shall any *citizen* of Mainebe carried off as a slave upon the mere claim of another? We shall have to try titles, perhaps, on that point, and if the Supreme Court of the United States shall decide that a citizen of Maine can be so carried off, and shall also decide the other question that a free citizen of Maine going into Georgia can be thrown into prison and sold as a slave, we shall have to insist on an alteration of the Constitution, so as to absolve the North from the extremely odious obligation to assist slaveholders in restoring to slavery such fugitives as attempt to obtain their liberty. We are inclined to think the free States should demand such an alteration at once, and we are not sure but it would be best even for the slaveholding States themselves; for it is very certain that so long as we have slave catchers pursuing fugitives among us, a great deal of angry excitement must be kept up, and the time is not distant, when it will be impossible to raise force enough to carry back such fugitive into slavery.

"If the "patriarchal institution" cannot be preserved without a constant repetition of these disgusting exhibitions, of men flying for their liberty, hunted all through the free States, and dragged back in chains to slavery before our eyes, it had better be abolished at once. At least let us be absolved from all obligation to assist in this villanous business.

From the Sailor's Magazine.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.

This house has been under the care and superintendence of Mr. Powell, the present keeper, for the last three years. It has been judiciously managed, and has extended the comforts of a quiet home to a large number of colored seamen. Mr. Powell, for the last eighteen months, has endeavored to sustain this house without calling upon the friends of seamen for aid. But the depression of commerce, and the various obstacles in the way of shipping *colored seamen*, has made it necessary for him to appeal to the benevolent for pecuniary assistance. We trust the desired aid may be furnished, and that this institution may be continued, and similar ones provided for the toiling colored mariner.

"In presenting the third annual report of the Colored Sailor's Home, I feel called upon humbly to acknowledge the goodness of divine Providence in frustrating the wicked designs of unprincipled men: for when in the midst of violent oppression, and when cast down with fears at the gloomy prospect before me, I have been cheered *onward* by the light of his reconciling countenance.

During the past season, the commercial distress of the country has operated upon this house as upon all other kinds of business. There is one fact worthy of notice, and I call upon the shipping masters to testify to the truth of this assertion: during the three years of my superintendence of the Home, the shipping offices have not *lost* one cent by a boarder from the house.

By examining the receipts and expenditures for the year ending to date, the expenditures exceed the receipts by $611 12, whilst the amount due from delinquents is $1,039 68. The expenditures do not include the item of $262, expended in 1841: *i. e.* in lowering and altering the basement, &c. &c. Consequently, if the debts which are due from delinquents were paid, the losses of '39 and '40 not included, the net profit to the house would be $428 56. A handsome sum to begin the new year with.

The house is now in debt several hundred dollars, and I need some assistance in the way of *funds*. If the amount, $262, expended by me in '41, could be refunded, it would afford me some relief.

Of the $1,039 68 due the house, a large proportion is for clothes and board furnished to destitute seamen, who have been, from a variety of circumstances, thrown upon our hands without a cent to help themselves. And, if this amount due should never be paid, the friends need not regret the loss, for it may be hoped the comfortable home here provided for the wandering and destitute sailor, and its moral and religious advantages, will be like seed sown broadcast upon the wide world, springing up and yielding fruit to the honor and glory of God.

Expenditures.

Whole amount of current expenses, including *rent, fuel, provisions, wages of servants,* and additional fixtures, &c. from Jan. 1, 1842, to Dec. 14, 1842,	$1,835 93
Receipts.	
Total amount received from 333 boarders from Jan. 1, 1842, to Dec. 14, 1842,	1,224 81
Excess of expenditures,	611 12
Dues from Delinquents.	
Total amount due from delinquents,	1,039 68
Deduct excess of expenditures,	611 12
Net profit in favor of the house,	$428 56

WILLIAM P. POWELL, *Keeper.*"

NEW-YORK AND VIRGINIA.

The Buffalo Journal gives the following clear account of existing difficulties, which may refresh the memory of those readers, who have from time to time read the long, elaborate, official documents on this subject:

Our readers are aware, that for some time a controversy has existed between these States. The merits of the controversy are substantially as follows: In 1839, the acting governor of Virginia demanded of the executive of this State, Peter Johnson, Edward Smith, and Isaac Gansey, as fugitives, upon a vague charge of stealing a negro slave in Virginia. The affidavit was deemed by Governor Seward insufficient and defective, even to charge a crime against the laws of Virginia; while the question involved, if the requisition were supported by a proper charge, was regarded as one of grave importance, and requiring deliberate consideration. The defects in the papers were pointed out to the agent of Virginia, with leave to amend, and a day appointed for the consideration of the whole subject.

In the meantime, the alledged fugitives availed themselves of the legal remedy, and were discharged on a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that the charge was insufficient, and that, upon examination, it was ascertained that the actual offense of the accused consisted in their being seamen on board of a ship in which a slave had concealed himself, with the intent of escaping from servitude. The acting governor of Virginia was not satisfied with the result, and demanded of Governor Seward a decision upon the case as originally presented. This demand allowed Governor S. on one hand, the alternative of seeming willing to evade a great constitutional question, by placing his denial of the demand on the informal objection sustained by the judge; and on the other, that of assuming the broad, constitutional ground upon which the case must at last be decided.

As became his own character and station, he chose the latter alternative; and, in the correspondence which ensued, he maintained his position with such force and ability, that it has not been successfully impugned in this State, or Virginia. Successive legislatures, and almost the entire moral sense of this State, sustained him; and mainly as a result of this controversy, a law was enacted granting the right of trial by jury to persons claimed as fugitive slaves. As a countervailing measure, Virginia, and soon after, South Carolina, imposed certain onerous and vexatious exactions upon New-York vessels in their ports. Thus stands the case. Now for the political bearing of all this.

The democratic party, pursuing the policy of southern alliance, which it seems to have marked out for itself, (in most flagrant violation of its own principles,) strongly opposed the stand taken by Governor Seward. In consequence of which, Virginia and South Carolina congratulated themselves, officially and otherwise, that their allies here would repeal the law granting to fugitive slaves the right of a jury trial; that Governor Bouck would back out of, and repudiate the positions assumed by Governor Seward; and that in all matters relating to slavery, and the escape of fugitive slaves, he would do precisely as the people of the South wish.

So far as Governor Bouck is concerned, these predictions are verified. His message distinctly recommends the repeal of the law granting trial by jury to fugitive slaves. He also endorses the resolution of the last legislature, against the position of Governor Seward, in the celebrated Virginia case; viz: *that the stealing of a slave, in a slave State, is a crime within the meaning of the fourth article of the Constitution; and consequently the person found guilty of that act ought to be delivered up.*

Whether the *party* will sustain their governor, remains to be seen; but he probably did not reckon without his host. It will need a great deal of political skill, on their part, to satisfy the South, without upsetting a hornet's nest about their ears at the North.

From the Journal of Commerce.

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS TO EX-GOVERNOR SEWARD.

The colored citizens of Albany, assembled to take into consideration the "propriety of presenting an address to the Hon. W. H. Seward," on his retirement from the executive chair, passed a series of resolutions, eulogizing the governor for the stand he took in the controversy with the executive of Virginia. They also adopted an address to Governor Seward, setting forth the various oppressions under which they labor in the different States of this confederacy, in some of which they are slaves, whose allowance of food and clothing is meted out by statutory enactments, whose oaths are never taken in courts of justice, who are deprived of trial by jury, and of all practical redress for any injuries they may receive at the hands of their masters. In others they are either deprived of the elective franchise altogether, or such discrimination is made between them and their fellow-citizens of a different race, in regard to the amount of property requisite to qualify them to vote, as amounts to a virtual disfranchisement. And in all they are forbidden, they say, to aspire above a menial destiny, by the overpowering prejudices and unmerited contempt, which "pursues them like an evil genius, giving them no respite."

The answer of Governor Seward to the address is as follows:

GENTLEMEN,—The emotions excited by this grateful and affectionate address, if they should be allowed their sway, would render me unable to respond. If prejudice, interest, and passion did sometimes counsel me that what seemed to be the rights of the African race might be overlooked without compromise of principle, and even with personal advantage, yet I never have been able to find a better definition of equality than that which is contained in the Declaration of Independence, or of justice, than the form which our religion adopts. If, as the former asserts, all men are born equal, institutions which deny them equal political rights and advantages are unjust; and if I would do unto others as I would desire them to do unto me, I should not deny them any right on account of the hue they wear, or of the land in which they or their ancestors were born.

Gentlemen—Time alone can determine between those who have upheld, and those who have opposed the measures to which you have adverted. But I feel encouraged

your condition as a people, and your auspicious prospects. And if every other hope of my heart shall fail, the remembrance that I have received the thanks of those who have just cause to upbraid the memory of our forefathers, and to complain of our contemporaries, will satisfy me that I have not lived altogether in vain.

May that God whose impartial love knows no difference between those to whom he has imparted a portion of his own spirit, and upon whom he has impressed his own image, reward you for your kindness to me now and in times past, and sanction and bless your generous and noble efforts to regain all the rights of which you have been deprived.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

ALBANY, January 4, 1843.

From the Havana Correspondent of the New-York Tribune.

DAVID TURNBULL.

HAVANA, Dec. 1st, 1842.

Allow me to correct the statement which was published in all the American papers a short time since, in regard to the supposed interference of Mr. Turnbull, with the question of slavery in this island, by authority of the English government. I have been able to ascertain the truth of the matter, from a source upon which the utmost reliance can be placed, and find that the whole proceeding on the part of the local authorities was, to say the least, "*much ado about nothing.*" The facts are, that Mr. Turnbull came to Kibara, from one of the English islands, with a passport in due form from a Spanish consul, authorized by the local British authorities, to obtain proofs to identify, and to demand the release of certain negroes alledged to have been illegally carried away from British dominion, and sold in this island. On his arrival at Kibara he procured licence, in due form, to proceed to the place where the negroes claimed were alledged to be, went there, and took such declarations as he desired, till he was arrested by the Spanish authorities, and brought a prisoner to this city. One of the steam-packets was about sailing, and, after two or three days' detention, he departed for England, to lay the matter before the English government, with a view to obtain satisfaction for the outrage upon his person. Thus it will be perceived that it was the suspicion of Mr. Turnbull, from his fear of the captain-general, rather than any wrong of Mr. Turnbull, in this particular matter, that caused the whole difficulty. The excitement upon the subject has now nearly subsided, and the whole matter is beginning to be looked upon as a farce.

The Spanish vessels recently captured by a St. Domingo corvette have been released and brought into this port. They were sailing on the coast and attacked by the corvette with shotted cannon, boarded and taken to Port au Prince. The commander of the corvette has been put in irons by President Boyer, and the captains set at liberty. It is not known what reparation the Spanish government will demand. President Boyer expresses to Governor Valdez the greatest regret at the occurrence.

From the Philanthropist.

YEARLY MEETING OF ORTHODOX FRIENDS, IN OHIO.

We suppose many of our readers will look with much anxiety, into the present number, for an account of the proceedings of the late Yearly meeting, relative to the difficulties on the abolition question. It is but reasonable, that a great interest should be felt in the result, and a desire manifested to obtain early and correct information relative to it. Abolitionists of all classes, as well as those who are members of the Society of Friends, look upon the proceedings of that society, as of vast importance to the anti-slavery cause.

But however anxious our friends may be, to see a particular statement of the case, and however proper it may seem that such a statement should be made, in order to correct any misrepresentations that have been, and will be put in circulation, it is believed, that in view of all the circumstances of the case, it will be prudent at the present time, only to state that measures were taken to prohibit the abolition members from participating in the transaction of business in the Yearly meeting, and also to effect the same thing in the subordinate meetings.

Eight members of the Meeting for Sufferings were reported as having disqualified themselves for service in that body: it is supposed on account of their abolitionism, though nothing was stated about what they had done to disqualify them.

Anti-slavery Friends being thus proscribed, and feeling themselves virtually cut off from all the benefits of religious society, found themselves in a very tried and painful situation. Thus circumstanced, it was perfectly natural, and entirely reasonable, that they should desire to confer together for the purpose of arriving at some conclusion, as to the proper course for them to pursue. With this view a friend arose during the last sitting of the Yearly meeting, and proposed that those Friends who were favorable to the anti-slavery cause, and who felt aggrieved with the proceedings of the Yearly meeting, should remain in the house at the rise of the meeting, for the purpose of having such a conference. A considerable expression of unity with the proposition was made, and not a dissenting voice was heard.

After the conclusion of the meeting, a large company assembled inside the house, many others having stepped out, and not yet returned. Before any opportunity was had for conference, John Maxwell walked into the ministers' gallery, and in the name of the trustees, demanded of those present, an immediate evacuation of the house. He first called them Friends; then, as if correcting himself, he said he did not know whether they were Friends or not, he would call them *people*. A Friend immediately proposed, that as they were arbitrarily forbidden the use of the house for the purpose of conferring together, those favorable to such a conference meet at Newport, (10 miles north,) at 9 o'clock next morning. The proposition was united with, and the "*people*" retired. Next morning, notwithstanding many had from necessity started for home, a large assembly convened at Newport, and continued in conference till 11 o'clock, when it adjourned till 2 o'clock, P. M. to give place to the regular week-day meeting. From 2 o'clock the conference continued till near sunset. Entire harmony prevailed—the spirit of love and of prayer overshadowed the meeting, under the influence of which, devout supplications went up to the throne of mercy and grace, for divine counsel, and aid in this hour of sore affliction; and the good presence of the Lord was sensibly felt to be with us, tendering our spirits together, and renewing our resolutions to persevere in the strength afforded us from the source of all true strength, to do battle against the great Juggernaut of slavery; although in so doing we may encounter the violence of mobocratic fury, the taunts and jeers of our fellow-citizens, and worse than all, the opposition and censure of our fellow members of that society whose principles we dearly love, and from whose bosom nothing but dire necessity can drive us. But dear as we hold the unity of the church, we cannot sacrifice the truth to maintain it. And we pray for strength to remain true to the cause, though all men oppose it. If some of our opposers had been there, and heard what we heard, and felt what we felt, they would surely have been ashamed of the charge so often made against us, of working in our own strength.

It was unanimously agreed to propose to anti-slavery Friends to be firm in the maintenance of their principles, and for the purpose of promoting harmony of action, to hold conferences in their respective locations.

From the New Orleans Herald.

PRISONS OF NEW ORLEANS.

Talk of the inquisition, the black hole, or Dartmoor, and they dwindle into insignificance, when compared to the prisons and workhouses to be found in New Orleans—as the following extracts from a late report of the grand jury of the parish of Orleans will show. It must be recollected, that in these places persons are confined merely upon accusation of crime, and if once they get in, friendless, there is very little chance of speedy trial, and when tried, there is no appeal from the decisions of their various judicial officers, who thus hold more absolutely the freedom of the poor in their hands, than any potentate or prince on earth.

The grand jury, in the first part of their statements, allude to the workhouse of the second municipality.

"The inside buildings," they say, "are doubtless temporary; as they now stand, they require some trifling expenses to be put into good order. Having been constructed with planks crossed over one another, which were rather unseasoned when employed, they have shrunk one inch and more, and the numerous distances between them are such as to become very injurious to the health of the prisoners during the winter season. Besides, there are no shutters of any description to the large windows in each room, some of which are exposed to the northerly winds."

Really, we should think that *numerous distances of one inch and more* in the wall or roof of a building, might be injurious to one's health at this season, and would pray the authorities to put on the "trifling expenses," which are so compassionately suggested.

The grand jury speak of a prisoner whom they found "in a dungeon, admitting of no air whatever." "In this dungeon," they go on to say, "is constructed a certain machine, into which it is *customary* for the keepers to place and *lock up* such of the *prisoners* who, in their opinion, deserve punishment. There the prisoner is placed with both his feet in two stationary iron rings, his neck in an iron collar formed by two iron bars firmly fixed in the wall, whilst his arms are stretched, so that he cannot move in any way. Besides, a load of weight is placed upon his head."

And what says the grand jury upon this infernal, this damnable machine? They daintily remark in this wise: "The grand jury cannot refrain from noticing this strange mode of discipline, adopted in this prison, and calling the attention of the proper authority."

Let us go on with the report: "The grand jury deem it also their duty to notice the very important mode of treating the white females that are detained for offenses in said workhouse. The grand jury has been informed that, for misbehaviour in their place of detention, the punishment of whipping is inflicted on those prisoners; that they are whipped by a slave whose master is not known, and who is employed in this establishment to superintend the slaves of the police jail. This fact was not denied by the woman charged with the superintendence of the female prisoners, and whose declarations were corroborated by the examination the grand jury has made of the bruises on the bodies of several female prisoners, occasioned by the lashes inflicted on them."

Good God! *White women whipped by a slave!! Bruises on their bodies occasioned by the lashes inflicted upon them!!* Our limits will not allow to us more room upon this subject to-day, but we shall pursue it in a future number.

Communications.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

MUNROEVILLE, ALA. Dec. 20, 1842.

The Slave Auction.

Being detained a day in Mobile, I visited the slave market. The hour of sale had not arrived; but I found six poor creatures awaiting their doom, surrounded by persons who were examining them. The market place is happily chosen. It is in front of the Court House—its steps are the auctioneer's stand. What place so fit for the sale of human souls, as the vestibule of the temple of justice? It was the day of the municipal election; the court was in session, and employed in naturalizing foreigners—making free citizens of European strangers—while American-born men were standing at the door, about to be sold, like brutes, to the highest bidder. The court adjourned about noon. The crowd gathered round, as the auctioneer mounted the steps, and called one of the slaves, a woman, to take her place on the stand. She approached sadly—perhaps she was thinking of her children, left without a mother. May God care for them! "Here, gentlemen, is Sophia—a good servant. How much am I offered for Sophia? one hundred dollars—title good—only one hundred dollars is offered—one hundred and fifty." [Bystander.] "How old is she?" "Forty years old—good cook, washer, and ironer. She will save you twenty-five dollars a month—going at one hundred and fifty dollars. One hundred and seventy-five—going—one hundred and ninety dollars—going—once—twice—gone." Another woman was called. She seemed careless, and unconcerned; oppression had crushed her soul. "Here, gentlemen, is Sally—an excellent cook. How much is bid? Title guaranteed—the smallest favors thankfully received—three hundred dollars is offered—she can cook French fashion, English fashion, and every other fashion—three hundred dollars—four hundred—why, gentlemen, she is given away—only four hundred dollars for a good cook—four hundred and fifty—going at four hundred and fifty—four hundred and sixty—going—once—twice—gone." The next individual sold, was a drayman, who was bid off at four hundred and sixty dollars. Then came a little girl, ten years old. "Here, gentlemen, is a girl from the country—title can't be disputed—one hundred dollars is bid—she speaks French—she don't understand English." [By a bystander.] "Is she an American?" "Yes." Has it come to this! thought I. Is the American name a marketable commodity? A Roman citizen was respected among barbarians; but in our country, the American name adds value to a slave! She was finally struck off at one hundred and ninety dollars. Another trembling little girl was placed upon the stand. "How much am I offered for this girl, Peggy? She is ten years old—title good—one hundred and fifty dollars is bid—she is a very intelligent girl—two hundred dollars—she is a good nurse—and two hundred dollars is all I am offered—she is healthy—a little scared, just now—two hundred and fifty dollars—who said three hundred?—she is absolutely given away—only two hundred and fifty dollars is bid—just the right age, if any gentleman wants to bring up a servant—three hundred dollars—three hundred and five—going at three hundred and five dollars—gone." Next came a young mulatto, a bright-looking fellow, possessing an intelligent countenance—a more useful citizen, I doubt not, than many of the gaping crowd around him. "Here, gentlemen, is an excellent bricklayer—John, take off your hat. He will hire for fifty dollars per month—title guaranteed. How much am I offered?—four hundred dollars is bid—six hundred dollars—seven hundred dollars—he is not sold for any fault, but because his owner wants the money—title can't be disputed—who said a thousand dollars?—he will hire for five hundred dollars a year—nine hundred dollars—ten hundred—only ten hundred dollars is offered—eleven hundred dollars—going at eleven hundred dollars—going—once—twice—gone."

Thus ended a scene which occurs daily, aye! almost hourly, in this *free* land. Abhorrent and detestable as such a scene may be, it is by no means the darkest feature in this hell-born system. No! Auction sales and family separations are the lighter shades in the picture; they are, indeed, almost the beauties of slavery, compared with its loathsome unchastity and spiritual degradation.

An Alabama Church Creed, et cetera.

I had designed to send the following curious article to brother Murray, of the Vermont Telegraph; thinking it would more particularly interest the Baptist brethren; but perhaps he will observe it in the Standard, and that will suffice:

"*Plan and Constitution of the Ebenezer Baptist Association.*

"Art. 5. We will not hold in union any church, that holds any member in her, that is a member of any of the following institutions; to wit: theological schools, State conventions, missionary society, Bible society, tract society, Sunday school union, temperance society, nor any other society, that is tributary to the missionary plan, as it is now conducted in the United States; neither will we knowingly correspond with, nor receive correspondence from any association, that holds a church in fellowship, holding members in her, which are members of any of the abovenamed societies."

I do not suppose that many churches in this State would approve of this article; but I can have little faith in their piety, while they sanction, or palliate a system, which virtually makes it a crime for the black man to serve God. Many at the South, I presume, are willing to assist in foreign missionary enterprises; but God knows there are multitudes of uncared-for heathen here, and I had like to have said the people all are heathen. If the inhabitants of the South were not more bloody-minded than pagans of other lands, I believe it would be the duty of pious laborers to occupy this field, and earnestly call master and slave to repentance; but such is the state of the South, that their blood would soon mingle with the tears of the slaves, and they would go down to a martyr's grave.

But to return to the "Ebenezer Baptist Association." Mr. L. who was a deacon of the church, and deemed one of its most pious members, was recently excommunicated, because he believed it was right to employ missionaries—to send the Bible to the destitute, and to labor in the temperance cause. They were determined to wash their hands of such heresies, and so turned him out. After this occurrence, he prepared a meeting-place; and, with the assistance of some invited ministers, held a protracted meeting; and I have understood he himself thinks of becoming the minister of a new church, to be formed in the neighborhood.

Not long after this meeting, I passed the night at a planter's house, in the vicinity. The planter and another gentleman—a slaveholder—were conversing on the cruelty exercised toward the slaves. One remarked, that he believed more men would go to hell for cruelty to their slaves, than for any other sin; and added, "I think this neighborhood whip more, and work harder, than any other in Alabama. "I have known," he continued, "Mr. C. the scribe of the church, beat a child unmercifully, because an egg was accidentally broken. I have known him to arise in the night, and inflict a severe punishment on a servant, simply because he slept too soundly to awaken easily when called." The other individual assented, in the general; but observed that a neighbor of his struck his slaves two blows to Mr. C.'s one. "He whips early and late," said he; "though he lives a quarter of a mile distant, the noise has disturbed me so much, that I have been to him, and told him he must not whip at such unseasonable hours; for it broke my night's rest." Judge of my surprise and disappointment, when I learned that this man, the sound of whose lash disturbed the sleep of his neighbor, was the man of missionary spirit, of whom I had formed so favorable an opinion—the advocate of the Bible society—the friend of temperance—the apostle of a new church!

With such facts around me, have I used too strong language in relation to the moral condition of the South? And this fact is by no means a solitary one. Indeed, church members are not distinguished for kindness to their slaves. A slaveholder recently told me, that a communicant in one of the churches, who was herself just on the border of the grave, whipped a negro child to death. I well know there are many "kind masters," as the phrase is; but cruelty is the rule; it is a part of the system, and a necessary part; for the manhood must be crushed, and the image of the Deity brutified, before men are fit for slaves. They cannot be too much degraded, nor too often whipped; or, in the elegant language of an overseer, in relation to a particular slave, "If you should hit that nigger a lick an hour, the blow would never come amiss." Nothing that dispirits and degrades them, ever comes amiss. They are not allowed to sit in their master's presence, not even at church, unless in a pen allotted to them; and I have seen at least two, and I think more, meeting-houses, that had open sheds attached to them, with the ground for a floor, in which the slaves might sit and hear the *gospel*, through large holes, or openings, in the side of the house. Think you they heard the gospel of the Lord?

The influence of Slavery on the morality of the South.

I was prepared to expect a low state of morals in the South; but the truth was so far beyond my idea, that I was astonished and shocked. Human life seems to have no value. I have heard individuals who were conversing about persons that were disliked in the community, express, with apparent sincerity, their wonder, that those men had never been shot. If a man is killed, which is a frequent occurrence, little notice is taken of it. A week or two since, in this vicinity, a company were engaged in hunting deer; one of the party rode up to a house near their camp, and invited the individual living there to join the hunt. The man went into the house for his gun, and deliberately shot the hunter in the breast, as he sat on his horse near the door. It was supposed the wound was mortal, but the man was still living when I last heard. The wretch assigns no other reason for his murderous deed, than that the hunters had frightened away his hogs. I cannot learn that the public authorities have taken the slightest notice of the crime, and no one seemed to remember it but a day or two. If they do arrest a murderer, they seem to care but little about keeping him. Here is a fact that will illustrate this and another point. There is a man from Illinois imprisoned and in irons in this place, *suspected of intending* to steal negroes, who left the jail sometime since through an opening made by a murderer, who was confined with him. The sheriff, with a large posse, caught the suspected man at a place fifty or sixty miles distant; and though he was informed that the murderer was but thirteen miles further, he made no attempt to capture him; nor has any since been made. When I expressed my surprise at such a proceeding, I was informed that everybody was glad he had escaped.

I visited a neighboring county a few days ago, and a gentleman told me that criminals (white men) were never punished for capital offenses. They recollected six, or more, murders that had been committed within a very few years in that county, and those who perpetrated them were all cleared. In one instance, an individual beat another to death with his fists; and though the facts were well known, he was acquitted, as usual. It seemed to be the common opinion, that a person worth two thousand dollars, (money sufficient to fee the lawyers,) might commit murder with impunity, and be deemed a respectable man afterwards.

It is very easy to account for this indifference in regard to human life. The murder of slaves so often occurs, as to be deemed a venial offense; and the same judgment in regard to the turpitude of homicide is easily transferred to those cases where both parties are white men. Executions often occur, but the criminals are usually slaves. There is standing, almost within sight of the table at which I am writing, a gallows, from which the rope is still suspended, with which a woman was hung a few months since. A slaveholder, extensively acquainted in this State and the Carolinas, informed me, that a white man is never, or almost never, punished for killing a negro; and he recollected but a single instance, in which a slave was *accused* of a capital crime, that he was *not* executed. Candid men freely acknowledge that laws for the protection of slaves are a mere dead letter.

While speaking of the moral character of slaveholders, the impurity that exists among them cannot be passed over. It is a loathsome subject, however, that I turn from with disgust, and would gladly avoid. The truth can scarcely be less than incredible to those who are unacquainted with the facts. Public opinion sanctions, or at least does not frown upon, the most unlimited concubinage. Northern young men, too, multitudes of whom yearly come to the South,—it is astonishing how soon *they* lose their prejudice against color—their mistresses are frequently of the darkest hue. But I will say, for the credit of the South, that I have heard *one* gentleman, a church member, declare that *husbands* were censurable for their conduct. Adultery is scarcely a peccadillo; no man's reputation is soiled in the least by its habitual practise. Not long since, I was at the dwelling of Col. ——, a very *respectable* planter, who, I was afterwards informed, "kept" the four or five maid servants of the house, till one of them was married, and then she rejected his advances. The colonel's wife is a harsh and cruel mistress, and the servants hate her exceedingly. Sometime since, she drove away this woman's husband, who did not belong to the plantation, and prohibited him from visiting his wife. The woman complains bitterly of this treatment, and says that now she will accede to her master's advances, and contrive that they shall come under the cognizance of her mistress. This shows the cruelty of the mistress, and degradation of the slave, as well as the vileness of the master. Those who suppose that compulsion is frequently employed, I think are in error. That the degradation is so complete that no severity is needed, is the most damning characteristic of the whole system.

WHAT WILL THE AMERICAN FLAG COVER?

A few years ago, commercial intercourse was generally affected by desperate adventurers, who fitted out vessels under the pretense of following different commercial pursuits, but whose real object was that of seizing and destroying every vessel, and every person on board, whenever money or valuable articles could be secured. This wicked mode of life precluded all mercy to their unfortunate captives, whose evidence might have been fatal, at some future day. This dreadful state of things was partially put down by the simultaneous effort of British and American cruising vessels; and navigation is now restored to a state of comparative safety from the dreadful scourge of piracy.

All the inducements of a sea covered with defenseless vessels filled with wealth, with comparative security against being boarded, while bearing the American flag, are now held out as temptations to follow this same horrible trade; and the inducements were never greater than at the present time, when multitudes, in both hemispheres, are without employment, and absolutely perishing for want of bread. It remains to be seen how far our boasted treaty, which prohibits cruisers at sea from visiting vessels under our flag, will aid desperate men to follow such pursuits with comparative impunity. Every thing new under the sun should have a fair trial.

NAUTILUS.

LETTER FROM E. D. HUDSON.

NORTHAMPTON, 1st mo. 8, 1843.

Having just come in from a crusade against American slavery, I feel constrained to send you some of my observations, and pencillings by the way, for the benefit of others; especially those who are yet confederated with their sects and parties—those bulwarks of American slavery. I feel that the *works* of a people, individually or collectively, and the effect of those works upon those who come under their influence, are indicative of the kind of spirit which actuates them. "*The works which my Father hath given me to do, do testify of me.*" The legitimate result of the works prompted by the spirit of Christ are always happy; are *balm* to the wounded heart, and deliverance to the captive, from spiritual and physical bondage; and wherever the influences of this spirit are felt, it produces "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" it causes the hearts of men to sing with joy, and to re-echo the angelic annunciation, "GLORY TO GOD—ON EARTH PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO MEN!"

Vice versa—That spirit which is not happy in "binding up the broken-hearted, in comforting those who mourn"—happy in making and seeing others happy and joyful, and thus fulfilling the grand designs of God, and "the law of Christ;" but rather can delight in wounding the hearts of his fellow-men, in bruising and binding them, in causing the earth to echo groans, shrieks, and innocent cries of distress; lamentation, weeping, and great mourning—Rachels weeping for their children; and that spirit which can defend and apologize for such abominations, rather than weep with those that weep; or that can pass indifferently by, priest and levite-like, and attempt to drown the dismal wailings with their long prayers, loud anthems, and noisy machinery, must, of necessity, be the true spirit of antichrist, and should be so distinguished and marked; "by its fruits shall ye know it."

Brother Bostwick and myself went forth to look after our appointments. At East Hampton, we called on S. Williston; who had not given out the notice for our meeting; giving, as a reason, "that the people there were thoroughly indoctrinated already; their sympathies were with new organization! and when they wanted lecturers, they invited them." S. W. is whig senator to the general court, and has both whigism and sectarianism to take care of. Ward, a colored agent of the new organizationists, was there, not long since, and I am told that he found this same new organizationist lending his influence so much against him, as to have well nigh made his efforts for a meeting an entire failure. Some invited us to come again, and appeared to be anxious to hear. We find it quite fashionable for those who wish to *do nothing*—who are anxious to save their party and sectarian gods, to say, "*Our sympathies are with new organization!*" We find this to be so true, that they have none to spare for the slave.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Here we held one meeting only. We found a few whole-hearted abolitionists, who have been toiling through some tribulation. The two priests and levite churches, pass by on the other side. We were prevented from holding further meetings here, in consequence of Millerism, which had gotten the start of us in appointments, and which sets forth the doctrine that slavery will be abolished in a month or two, with the destruction of the world; forgetful and neglectful of the awful consequences to those who are guilty of the sin of slaveholding, or are accomplices in the crime, at the North as well as the South.

In WESTFIELD, protracted meetings were in operation for building up ecclesiastical confederations; and therefore they could not allow their minds to be diverted, by having the principles of the gospel applied to their guilty connection with "*the sum of all villanies.*"

AGAWAM.—We had a small gathering; some few manifesting interest in the anti-slavery cause, though doing comparatively nothing. The minister who could dwell under my roof in days of my affinity with "the brotherhood," now could give me no countenance, when pleading the cause of "*the poor that are cast out,*" bruised and bound. He took his church off, to unite with him in "offering up many prayers, while their hands are full of blood."

LONGMEADOW.—Here no notice was given out. The minister, to whom it was respectfully sent, said "their time was taken up in other benevolent causes; if not so, they would not appoint a meeting for us." He expressed his astonishment that an agent of the American Society, *an infidel concern*, of which Garrison was secretary, should presume to send a notice to a *Massachusetts minister!* He and his people were "as much opposed to slavery as anybody—but!" His people are very peaceful, under his daubings with untempered mortar, and he entrusted as their watchman against "the troublers of Israel."

SPRINGFIELD.—We spent first day here; and finding all the synagogues, with "Jim Crow pews," occupied by those who are too good, to do good on the Sabbath day, we went, with our friend Church, to the "Jim Crow meeting-house," about a mile out of town. It is a small house, about twenty feet square, with its slips and pulpit, where "the poor who are cast out" meet, and the only house in town where Christ Jesus, in the form of poor humanity, could find a home, I opine. In the evening, we went to the "*parish house,*" to fulfill our appointment. We found, to our surprise, that the house was claimed by a congregation which had swarmed from Dr. Osgood's, because their ears were pained with an occasional prayer for the bruised and broken-hearted slave; and which *did worship* in that house, and had that evening appointed "*a prayer meeting for the conversion of the world!*" Their leader, a lawyer, finally yielded us the house, and took his flock, (who knew his voice,) and went off to unite with Dr. Osgood's pro-slavery church; where their far-reaching benevolence might find full scope around Cape Hope and Cape Horn; and not be troubled with the two and a half millions of heathen in our *own* land; thus exhibiting the brutifying influences on themselves of the brutish system which they sustain. "It is iniquity, even the solemn meeting." Isa. i. 13.

This congregation have engaged the services of the Rev. Mr. Porter, who formerly watched over the pro-slavery church in New Milford, Ct.; who, I presume, does not offend their ears by praying for the slave. Second evening, Dr. Osgood was present, and apologized for Mr. Porter and his church, and also for slaveholders, who "might be Christians." When asked if he would admit slaveholders into his pulpit, and if slaveholding was the fruit of the spirit of Christ, "*he did not wish to answer.*" When his own church was hard pushed for its "negro pew," and pro-slavery spirit, and he for his position with the brotherhood of slaveholders and apologists, he said he was new organized, and departed. His influence here is neither seen nor felt, as he owes it, to Christianity and the slaves. His sympathies are with the new organized, which is affording the pro-slavery bulwarks a shell, into which they draw their heads, and from which I every day witness third party endeavoring to make capital, &c.

In SOUTH WILBRAHAM, I held two small meetings, by which something of a stir was created. The Methodist minister is out for the slave, fully; and is about to quit the Methodist Church, as the mother of abominations. We have some strong friends here for the slave.

In SOUTH HADLEY, I held two meetings, apparently to the edification of many, who appeared to have their minds much exercised thereby for the slave. The superintendent, and several of the young women of the Mount Holyoke seminary attended, and subscribed for the Standard, for their reading room. There are some choice spirits in the institution, and among the people.

This field is a hard one to cultivate. Anything that can be made available for building up sect or party, will thrive well; but I find it hard work to provide my family with potatoes to roast, while I am gone. Yet my courage holds good. "There is not an attribute of the Almighty that can take sides with slavery." His attributes are *all* on the side of His suffering, enslaved, and despised poor; and there let me ever be found.

E. D. HUDSON.

LETTER FROM ISAAC T. HOPPER.

In compliance with the kindly urged invitation of friends in Massachusetts, I went to Boston on the 20th of last month, to attend the annual sales of the Female Anti-Slavery Society. They occupied the same spacious and well-lighted Hall, that they did last year. The articles offered for sale were of very great variety, and many of them extremely valuable. Among the curiosities, a Flemish picture, and a female head, by the celebrated Vandyke, attracted much attention from those acquainted with such articles. There was likewise a portrait of the late William Ellery Channing, the last for which he ever sat, and said to be a very correct likeness. An artist by the name of Pratt, painted a likeness of a colored young woman who attended the Fair, and presented it to the anti-slavery cause; she was represented in chains, one end of which the Goddess of Liberty held, as if she were just about to let it drop.

I was again struck with the extreme propriety with which everything was conducted, and with the universal harmony and good-will that prevailed among the numerous friends of the cause, who had collected from all parts of the old commonwealth on this interesting occasion.

On the evening of the 24th, there was placed in the centre of the Hall a pine tree, nearly tall enough to reach the ceiling. Small candles, and colored lamps, were placed among the branches, and the roots were covered with moss, so arranged as to look as if it grew there. On the branches were suspended little books, and bags, and toys of all sorts, intended as presents for children; according to a custom which prevails in many parts of Europe, on the evening called "Christmas eve." The little folks were admitted for 12 1-2 cents, and the room was soon completely filled. It was amusing to see how much they enjoyed it; and parents seemed as much gratified as their children.

I had an opportunity, on this occasion, to make a valuable addition to my collection of the works of ancient Friends. On the book-table, I found that rare old volume, "The Way Cast Up," written by George Keith, while in unity with the Society. I took it home with me to my chamber; and as I glanced over it, my mind was moved to a painful retrospect of the Society of Friends, in its original state, when its members were at liberty to follow the light, as manifested to them, in the silence and secresy of their own souls. I seemed to see them entering the places appointed, by various professors of religion, for worship, and there testifying against idolatry, superstition, and a mercenary priesthood. I saw them entering the courts, calling upon judges and lawyers to do justice; and for these acts of dedication, I saw them receive contumely and abuse, as the reward of their labors. My imagination followed them to loathsome dungeons, where many of them died a lingering death. I saw the blood trickling from the lacerated backs of innocent men and women; I saw William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, Mary Dyer, and William Leddra, pass through the streets of Boston, pinioned, and with halters about their necks, on the way to execution, yet rejoicing that they were found worthy to suffer, even unto death, for their fidelity to Christ; sustained through those last bitter moments by an approving conscience, and the favor of God.

I now see the inhabitants of that same city surpassed by none on the globe in liberality, candor, and benevolence. I see them in many things taking the lead, at an immeasurable distance, of very many of the descendants of the martyrs referred to. I thought of the words of Scripture: "They answering said unto him, Abraham is our father. Jesus said unto them, If ye were Abraham's *children*, ye would do the *works* of Abraham." I compared the state of the Society of Friends in the olden time, with what it now is. In some sections of the country, they, in their turn, have become persecutors; not with fire, halter, and dungeons—for the age for that mode of punishment has gone by—but by ejectment from religious fellowship, defamation of character, and casting out their names as evil doers, for that which they conscientiously believe is required at their hands, by duty to God and their fellow-creatures; for honestly endeavoring to support one of the most dignified testimonies ever given to the Society of Friends, to hold up before a sinful world. These reflections pained me deeply; for all the convictions of my soul, and all my early religious recollections, bind me fast to the principles of Friends; and I cannot but mourn to see how the world has shorn them of their strength. I spent nearly a sleepless night, and was baptized with my tears.

In the morning, my mind was, in some degree, reassured with the hope that there are yet left throughout the land, "seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which has not kissed him;" and that among these shall yet "arise judges, as at the first, and counsellors, and lawgivers, as in the beginning." My soul longeth for the coming of that day, more than for "the increase of corn, and wine, and oil."

On the evening of the 27th, I attended the anniversary exhibition of the colored young men's Literary Society, at the Smith school-room, which was large, and well filled. The elocutionary exercises were performed in a truly admirable manner. The selections were judiciously chosen, and spoken with great distinctness of enunciation, and propriety of tone and gesture. Part of the last address by William Ellery Channing, delivered by him at Lenox, was recited with much feeling. Spoken as it was by a young man belonging to the race he sought to elevate, and associated with the closing scene of a good man's life, it was peculiarly touching.

OBITUARY.

Departed this life, at his residence in Hudson, Columbia county, N. Y. William Van Alstyne, an esteemed colored citizen of that county. A letter, dated the 31st ult. from a friend in that neighborhood, speaks thus of him: "The poor colored man has lost a friend in William Van Alstyne, who departed this life on the night of the 26th inst. On the 25th, he had the class with whom he was connected in religious worship invited to see him; expressed his satisfaction at the interview; said he had wished to see their faces once more, and was now ready to depart. He was a devout man, and I doubt not is now at rest in his heavenly inheritance. But I know of no one who, when the poor fugitive presents himself and implores a pittance, will so cordially take him by the hand and go around with him. '*A friend of ours from the South*'—this was William's constant expression, when soliciting a few shillings on these occasions, to aid the stranger on his way." May others be raised up to fill his place with equal faithfulness. M.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1843.

CALIFORNIA.

We last week mentioned that Monterey, a town of Upper California, had been seized by an United States naval force, under Commodore Jones, and abandoned, after a possession of two days. The excuse alledged was, that the commodore *thought the United States were at war with Mexico!* We have learned the following particulars respecting this strange affair.

Sometime ago, a Mexican force, under Gen. Micheltoreno, was ordered to California, for purposes connected with the administration and revenue of the general government. It so happened, that at the time Jones made his descent upon Monterey, Toreno was within a few days' march of the town. This determined the American commander to evacuate it. He, however, thought proper to represent that his reason for so doing was the receipt of intelligence *overland*, that the United States were *not* at war with Mexico. How he could have got this intelligence, or how anybody, who could send it, should have known that Jones was in Monterey to receive it, requires elucidation.* However this may be, the commodore informed the governor whom he had dispossessed, that such intelligence *had* been received; that in consequence, he had struck the flag of the United States, and hoisted that of Mexico, with the customary salutes; and that the town was again at the governor's disposal.

The following is extracted from the official correspondence, as published in the Spanish language, in the newspaper called the "Diario del Gobierno," at the city of Mexico, on the 14th of December, 1842:

"Immediately after the restitution of the place, Commodore Jones despatched a letter to the commandant, Micheltoreno, in which he stated *that he had been induced to invade California, by the manifesto addressed by General Santa Anna to the diplomatic corps at Mexico, wherein his excellency had conditionally declared war against the United States;* that the capitulation of Monterey had been as honorable to Mexico as circumstances would permit; and that he had restored the place, and ceased all offensive operations, so soon as he became convinced of the existence of peace between the two nations.

The commandant, Micheltoreno, according to his despatch to the minister of war at Mexico, received the news of the capture of Monterey on the 23d of the month, when he was at the *rancho* or farm of St. Francisco, near Angeles. On the following day, he issued orders to all the commandants on the coast, to exert themselves to the utmost for the defense of their country against the perfidious North Americans, the declared enemies of Mexico, who had taken possession of Monterey, with four ships of war and eight hundred men; and, with that view, to join forces at Angeles, by whose bravery he doubted not that he should triumph, and secure additional glory to the Mexican nation. On the day after the date of these orders, the governor received Commodore Jones's letter, in answer to which, he sent a series of propositions for the settlement of such of the difficulties as might be arranged there, leaving the question of the seizure to be discussed between the two governments. Commodore Jones, in his reply, dated the 1st of November, endeavored, as far as possible, to soothe and conciliate the excited feelings of the Mexicans; and expressed his readiness to meet Governor Micheltoreno at Santa Barbara, without delay, in order to confer with him on his propositions.

Things remained in this state on the 19th of November, when the vessel which brought the papers from the governor to Mexico, quitted California; at that time, Commodore Jones had not met Micheltoreno."

A writer in the "Diario" plainly declares his conviction that *Commodore Jones had attacked Monterey agreeably to orders from his government, with the object of conquering California; but that, finding the country in such a state of defense—thanks to the care of Santa Anna, and Tornel, (the secretary of war)—he had been obliged to abandon his plan, and to invent a story for his justification.*

The question arises, what can be the meaning of all this? I will state my explanation of it, which I shall hope to find erroneous.

It is well known that our modest Southern brethren have long coveted California, as well as Texas, Santa Fé, and other parts of Mexico, lying on the road to California. It is likewise known that they once coveted the Spanish provinces of East and West Florida; and that, by way of giving the proprietors a few gentle hints of the precariousness of their tenure, and of the expediency of making sure of the country, by conveying it to *us*, sundry capers, like that of the commodore in California, were cut up in those provinces, by Matthews, and by Jackson. To be sure, these little drolleries were disavowed, and the troops backed out, with lengthy explanations; but the effect was to inspire the government and people of that country with a sense of insecurity, which could be quieted only by one of two means; viz: a standing army, or a sale of their lands to us. Spain could not afford the former; and the latter, our government, (ever vigilant to reap the harvest of their neighborly and honest policy,) stood ready to propose and urge. Thus was Florida captured, ostensibly by diplomacy, but in reality by General Jackson's troops.

Now, our situation is about the same in relation to Californin. We have *claims* on Mexico; so we had on Spain. We are willing to accommodate, by taking land enough for a kingdom, in lieu of a sum of money. We were equally amiable and obliging towards Spain. The slaveholders were prepared to take possession of Florida, whether purchased or not; so they are of California. We have already noticed the movement in Missouri for this purpose. Perhaps the Missourians reckon upon finding there some of the gold, which was to "flow up the Mississippi." At all events, there are some valuable "candlesticks in the churches" of that country. Perhaps Mr. Wise, who has betrayed such a longing for this species of property, will start in person, as he once intimated, on an expedition thither. Indeed, it is much to be doubted whether he did not start that of Catesby Jones; for the "corporal of the guard" is scarcely less powerful here, than the "petit caporal" was on another continent."

We may now look for a series of captures and forays, "by *mistake*," "by *disobedience of orders*," "*unsettled boundary*," "pursuit of *Indians*," &c. Until the people, harassed and weary, and the government, perplexed and pushed, shall yield the dazzling prize to our ready grasp; and thus give us leisure to commence depredations on some other province.

In respect to the reported revolution in Mexico, it is not likely to be attended by any fighting, or any serious commotions. The cause I understand to be this. In 1836, the Mexicans adopted a new constitution, instead of the *federal* compact of 1824. The latter was a copy of ours, and never worked satisfactorily. The States appointed generals in the army, granted public lands, and laid imposts, just as though no general government had been in existence. In a word, "nullification" was the order of the day. To put an end to

* Monterey is, by the most direct route, about as far from the city of Mexico as Washington; and the receipt at Washington of news from the vicinity of Monterey, by way of Mexico, in fifty days, is under all circumstances, an extraordinary event.

this deplorable state of things, a *central* party arose, headed by Santa Anna. The constitution of 1836 was the result of the triumph of this party. This constitution, though based upon the principle of consolidation, and reducing the States to departments, was so jealously guarded, on the point of executive powers, as to tie up the hands of the government, and expose it to contempt. Thus, during four years of its existence, no step was taken for the recovery of Texas—an object nearest to the heart of the nation. At last, on the 28th of September, 1841, Santa Anna, and the officers of the army, established what was called "the basis of Tacaboya;" that being the name of the Head Quarters, at the time. This was a plan for a provisional government, and for calling a convention to form a new constitution. That convention was called, and has formed a constitution; but it seems that the result of their labors is not satisfactory to the army. I have two documents before me, published by General Gutierrez, general and chief and governor of San Luis Potosi, in which the convention are charged with having run into all the follies and extravagances of the federal constitution; of going against the will of the nation; defeating the purpose for which they were assembled, and organizing a perpetual insurrection.

Doubtless, the case has two sides; but I have, at present, no means of stating the view which the convention take of it. They are declared to be *disowned*, and Santa Anna continued as provisional president, and Gen. Bravo as his substitute. The professed end of this movement is, "to carry into due and complete effect the plan of Tacaboya."

Meantime, the convention, still in session, declares that it will not be driven nor overawed by military menace. One other department has joined San Luis; and Guadalaxara, Zacatecas, Xalisco, Vera Cruz, and others, are stated, in a private letter, to be on the point of following. I infer that this revolution, whether advantageous, upon the whole, or not, is at least favorable to bringing out and combining the resources of the country. This I infer from the uneasiness, which the news obviously causes to the *Texans* here. It is earnestly to be hoped, that the Mexicans will speedily settle down upon some plan of government, which will secure harmony at home, and their national rights and dignity abroad.—D. L. C.

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON.

JANUARY 15, 1843.

A semi-official article has appeared in the Madisonian, touching the affair of Monterey. The tone of it is very proper, and ought to be satisfactory to the Mexicans, provided it is followed up by corresponding action. But in view of all the circumstances, I ought not to disguise my conviction, that this will not be the case. I apprehend that this publication was intended to tell in Mexico, upon government and people; and is not made a prelude to a just satisfaction for the injury, but as a prelude to making no satisfaction at all. I hope I am mistaken; but my impression is very strong, and it is a prevailing one among northern members of Congress, that Jones's orders did, in some way, *authorize*, or suggest, the high-handed act he has committed. It appears that *he was provided with blank forms, for the inhabitants of all the towns of California to take the oath of allegiance to the United States!* There was, therefore, premeditation. To have those forms prepared, and printed in Spanish, must have required time.

It may be well to state, that according to a Mexican geography, which is before me, of recent date, California contains 80,000 square miles, and 50,000 inhabitants. Its extent is twice that of New-York, and ten times that of Massachusetts. It stretches from forty-two degrees North, to twenty-two degrees South latitude; i. e. about three hundred miles further *south*, than any territory we now possess. It is, therefore, admirably adapted for white men not to work; and thus to give a new application to the inference (illegitimate, to be sure) that slaves must be had for that purpose. Should it ever be obtained, it will undoubtedly become a slave territory, and slave States. But this is not the worst. It would create a specious pretext, and a strong argument, *ab inconvenienti*, for obtaining several other provinces of Mexico, as barring us from California, and indispensable to the possession and use of it. Thus, in the end, and that not distant, the whole broad expanse of Mexico now interposed between the western and southwestern slave States, and the Pacific, would become the prey of such a population as has overrun Texas. It will be thought, perhaps, that this proves too much. Believe it not; it is already a cherished plan. The slaveholders think that at this time California can be more easily obtained than Texas; and California secured, they think that the intermediate territory would follow, of course. This would include Texas.

A debate, which promises to be very interesting and important, was opened by Mr. Giddings, on Saturday, on a bill to compensate the people of Florida, for injuries done by General Jackson, in his incursion into that province, in 1814. Under this bill, if it passes, they are to obtain from our pockets pay for slaves, if any were killed, or carried off, as there probably were. Mr. G. moved to recommit the bill, with instructions to report a proviso, that nothing therein contained should be construed to authorize payment for slaves. The position taken by Mr. Giddings was, that Congress never had compensated for the loss of slaves—of *property in man*—under any circumstances. He maintained that the free States had just the same right to be exempt from the expense and contamination of slavery, as the slave States had to keep and enjoy it; and that the federal government had no more right to go into the free States, and put its hand into the pockets of free laborers, to pay for slaves, than it had to go into the slave States and take slaves, and give them to the free, or set them free. This view Mr. G. illustrated, and supported, with earnestness, but kindly, and in perfectly good temper. It produced, of course, a good deal of excitement; and we shall probably have an important debate.

Mr. Black, of Georgia, replied, with great asperity. He said, that it would be beneath his propriety to reply to the gentleman from Ohio as he would to any other member. He asked if the gentleman forgot that he lay under the censure of the House for pursuing a course of conduct exactly parallel to the present. And he then spoke as to the matter of law, and in favor of the bill.

Mr. Levy, of Florida, insisted that it was the duty of Congress to pay for the slaves lost; and that the government had admitted slaves to be property, by (among other acts) claiming and receiving indemnification from Great Britain, for the loss of slaves.

Mr. Adams had the floor at the adjournment, and will speak when the subject comes up again, on Friday next.

Lucretia Mott preached two excellent sermons in this city, to-day. The predominating character was anti-slavery. She spoke very firmly, but kindly; and, I think, with good effect.—D. L. C.

THE COLONIZATION SOCIETY.

To call this remarkable society Janus-faced, poorly describes its continual metamorphoses. It has a face like a kaleidoscope, excepting that there is no beauty in its variety. To the North, it professes to be a gradual mode of emancipation, and the only safe one. To the South, it tries to prove itself "one of the greatest securities to enable the master to keep in possession of his own property."

At one time, the emigrants it carries off are described as "a most useless and pernicious population," "greater nuisances than the slaves themselves." At another, they are described as "each one a *missionary*, carrying with him credentials in the holy cause of civilization, religion, and free institutions." Then, to vary the scene, these *missionaries* turn *soldiers*. George S. Brown, some time ago, gave an account of a wholesale slaughter of the natives, by himself and his fellow *missionaries!* in which he said they "cut them down like mowers cutting grass"—"throwing buckshot into their bowels, hearts, and brains, like a tornado"—himself "taking deliberate aim at fifties, who stood in thick groups, about five or six rods from the window; at which time, some one of the enemy shot a nice tube out of his watch key, and spoiled it. The ball or slug went through the partition of sister Harris's room; and after straightening her hair, went out the lee window." "Harris and Demory were peppering their hams with buckshot. While they were gathering up their dead, to tote off, I had the best chance of any to fire into their groups. But they soon slung their shattered bodies, and went off, as if the wicked one was after them." "And if all hell had been let loose at once, they would not have made more noise—hooting and screaming—than they did."

Such are some of the Colonization missionaries sent to teach Africa the gospel of peace and salvation. That Africa has not been completely converted, before now, by such teaching, must surely be owing to her inborn stupidity!

Virginia announces that "either moral or physical force *must* be used," to compel her free colored population to emigrate to Africa; and Maryland declares, if they won't be colonized by their own consent, they must be driven off, at the point of the bayonet. Having screwed the laws upon this unfortunate class of people with more and more oppressive tightness, the Baltimore papers very complacently inform us that "a great change has taken place recently in the feelings of the colored population of that State, in reference to colonization; and that there is reason to believe that hereafter such a number of emigrants as the society shall be able to send to Cape Palmas, will always be in readiness to embark."

The Maryland Colonization Journal makes a great glorification about the departure of the ship Globe, for Liberia. "The Rev. Dr. Henshaw invoked God's blessing on the people and the undertaking. The emigrants rose from their knees—the sails were sheeted home—the hawser cast loose—and the majestic bark moved slowly from the wharf, favored by a light northwester, and cheered by three rounds from the admiring spectators; and never did three cheers receive a more hearty response, than arose from the joyous mass of emigrants on board. We never witnessed a sight more cheering, or felt that our humble labors in the great cause received such ample remuneration."

And what do you think is the next fact assumed by this renowned Society? Why, in the Maryland legislature, Mr. Nichols, a few days ago, submitted an order authorizing the committee on crimes and punishments to report a bill authorizing the *banishment to Liberia*, of all free negroes convicted of *crimes*, subjecting them to confinement in the penitentiary!!—L. M. C.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE WHIG MEMBERS OF CONGRESS.

The Emancipator, speaking of the attempt to censure Mr. Adams, gives an analysis of the votes, and concludes by saying:

"This is whig support of Mr. Adams and the Right of Petition. Let them have all the credit they are justly entitled to, in this or any other particular; but it must be admitted, that in this case of Mr. Adams's trial, those of them who did come up to the mark, did it *after* Mr. Adams had, single-handed, met and discomfited the enemies of Human Rights. And some of them voted wrong to the very last."

This statement does injustice to the Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives. In the great case of the impeachment of Mr. Adams, the delegation, in voting to lay the resolution of censure on the table, acted in conformity to Mr. Adams's express wishes. They consulted him, assuring him of their desire to vote on this question just as he might wish; and that in any event, he might rely on their support to the last. He replied, that *he* could not vote for the motion, because it would be interpreted into a shrinking from a trial of the charge; but if the *House* should think proper to make that disposition of it, he, considering the great interruption to the public business, which his defense must necessarily occasion, would prefer that they should take that course. The Massachusetts delegation, and all his friends, except two or three, who desired that the issue raised betwixt Mr. Adams and the slaveholders should be tried, whether *he* wished it or not, voted accordingly. I am authorized to say that throughout that persecution, the whole delegation rallied unhesitatingly, and stood firmly around him.—D. L. C.

THE DISTURBING ELEMENT.

The Morning Post, a democratic paper, thus alludes to the difficulties that lie in the path of those who strive to solder together slavery and democracy:

"We have never but twice or thrice alluded to the domestic institutions of the South, and then in the most delicate manner; but so hyper-sensitive are some men in relation to it, that they construe every expression not exactly in accordance with their own opinions, as 'opposition to the cause of *liberty*.' Hence, we sometime since received an order from Vermont, 'to stop the paper,' with the explanatory addendum, 'opposed to banks, but *also opposed to slavery*.' And recently we had another missive from Massachusetts, quite as explicit."

The New-York Tribune, a whig paper, thus gives notice that the whig party encounters the same disturbing element:

"Gen. Harrison, by death, and Mr. Webster, by voluntary position, being out of the question, what hope can there be of concentrating the whig strength, calling out the whig enthusiasm, on any other than Mr. Clay?

This question, which would otherwise seem superfluous, has been prompted by two or three letters recently received from Massachusetts. These import that Mr. Clay must be adandoned, because of the bearing of the *slavery question*—that such is the deep-seated and extending hostility to slavery in the free States, that several of them, which would vote for John M'Lean, or some other unexceptionable citizen of a free State, would, by the obstinate refusal of perhaps a tenth part of their otherwise whig voters to support a slaveholder, be suffered to go against us, and thus give the election to Calhoun or Van Buren."

How long will it take politicians to learn that principles which are eternal antagonisms, cannot be fused together, by the hottest process of party zeal? *Slavery and freedom cannot co-exist together, in this, or any other government!* To this issue, the people are fast coming; and this conviction, in its onward progress, will smash the existing parties like potsherds of the earth. If politicians are puzzled now, they will be more puzzled hereafter; for there is an element at work here, which *they* do not know how to manage; and that element is a great MORAL PRINCIPLE!

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

We are glad to hear that a series of Public Discussions are to be held at Broadway Tabernacle, New-York, on questions connected with morals and political economy. Among other interesting topics, such as "Tariff," "National Bank," &c. we notice the following:

Jan. 27th, and Feb. 23d.—Ought Capital Punishment to be abolished? Affirmative, J. L. O'Sullivan, Esq. Negative, Rev. George B. Cheever.

Feb. 24th.—Is a distinction in the Constitution of this State, between white and colored male adults, with regard to the right of suffrage, contrary to the genius of our institutions, and ought it to be abolished? Affirmative, Abraham Crist. Negative, D. E. Wheeler.

Mr. Crist is a lawyer, of high respectability, and a sincere friend of equal rights, without complexional distinctions. That he will sustain his side of the debate with ability, there is no doubt; though *this* is a question where little intellectual ability is needed to secure victory; for, as the Scotch proverb has it, "A haggis hersel can charge *down* hill."

Mr. O'Sullivan has already shown his ability to sustain the argument in favor of the Abolition of Capital Punishment. His well-argued pamphlet on that subject, (for sale at Langley's bookstore,) has already converted thousands, and will convert thousands more.

We hope both these debates will be fully attended, and candidly weighed.

THE COLORED SAILOR'S HOME.

We would earnestly call attention to the report of this interesting institution, on our first page. Mr. Powell deserves great credit for the earnestness and perseverance with which he has carried on this excellent project, in the teeth of almost insurmountable difficulties. All who know him have the utmost confidence in his intelligence and integrity. Will not some of our "merchant princes" give him a helping hand? The institution both needs and deserves it. Seaman's Societies have indeed prepared spacious homes and ample encouragements for *white* sailors; but from these Snug Harbors accursed prejudice excludes the *colored* seaman. In addition to this, their discouragements and losses are greatly increased by their *complexion*; being continually liable to abuse and imprisonment, without crime, in all slaveholding ports; including those of our own country.

☞ *Ye that make money on the mighty waters, do give something to the Colored Seaman's Home!* ☜

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 47.

A friend, whose mind is ever open to light from above, writes thus: "Your editorial on 'Means and Ends,' suggested one illustration, which you have not mentioned; and I would ask if it seems to you a legitimate one? With what view, and in what spirit, are the sympathy, approbation, and love of others sought for and desired? Is it as a *means* of spiritual growth, as an aid to the development of those infinite powers and affections, which are the essence of our being, and the harmonious exercise of which is its highest purpose? Seldom, I fear, is it thus. The attainment of those rich blessings is made an *end*, instead of a *means*. We too often value them as a treasure laid up on earth; and thus regarded, we seek a satisfaction in their possession, which the immutable laws of spirit suffer them not to give. They are infinite treasures held in earthen vessels, but we bestow on the vessels and its adornings that reverence and love, which are due to its contents alone. We strive to convert a means into an end, and the consequence is defeat and disappointment."

The chief reason of the common disappointments in love and friendship is recorded in those few wise words. Selfishness is finite in all its perceptions; it mistakes the means for the end, and trusts in the temporary, as if it were permanent; its gospel is expediency, its deity is Self. Love looks beyond the means to the end, and values them only as steps in the ladder that ascends to Heaven; its gospel is faith, and its deity the Universal Father.

In forming a matrimonial alliance, how few think whether they shall promote each others spiritual progress. The question is not, "shall I thus learn to overcome my selfishness?" It is rather, "Will my selfishness be ministered unto?" Seldom is it the aim to help each other cure pride, vanity, or faults of temper; it is rather to find more convenient indulgence for these evils. The same mistake makes the generality of friendships so shallow and unproductive. Men are prone to love those friends who make them pleased with themselves; who exaggerate their merits, and gloss over their faults. That which was given as a means to help us onward, is converted into an end in which we rest. There are few, indeed, strong enough to covet a real friend; one who is so unselfish that he will even sacrifice the luxury of pleasing, for the sake of doing us good; yet who would fain give us pleasure, rather than receive it *himself*.

May my friend," says Emerson, "never express, even by a glance, more interest in me than he really feels. Still worse would it be, if, from a mistaken spirit of kindness, he should forbear to dissent from my opinions, or practice. God forbid that when I looked to friendship as a firm rock, to sustain me in any given emergency, I should find it nothing but a mush of concession. Better be a nettle in the side of my friend, than to be merely his echo."

The same reflected selfishness which unhallows marriage, and perverts friendship, is shown in the education of children. The *means* which are given us to make them angels, are made *ends*; and thereby they become barred gates to close their communication with the angels. We seek for them worldly indulgence, ease, and respectability, without asking to what spiritual end will these administer? I shall never forget words which I once heard, on this subject, from the same eloquent tongue already quoted. It was a beautiful sketch of a family of poor but intelligent boys, compelled to perform the laborious duties of life, yet struggling after infinite perceptions with inexpressible longing. Reciting scraps of orations and poetry in the woodshed, and working diligently at their chores, so as to commit the required lesson, and yet gain time to peep at the last new book. Eager to have more money, that they might ride abroad amid beautiful scenery, and see famous pictures, and graceful statuary, and hear eloquent lectures, as richer boys could do. "Alas for them," said he, "if their wishes were crowned! Through privation and earnest humility must they learn to reverence the good, the true, and the beautiful. Ministering angels are weaving spiritual laurels for their young brows; and those angels are Toil, and Want, and Truth, and Mutual Faith."

It is well for us that overruling Providence so often makes the means, in which we would rest, subservient to a higher end than we either perceive or love. In looking back upon my pilgrimage, how many points do I see in the distance, by which I have risen, one after another, to the place where I now stand and overlook them all; yet each one seemed to me the end, where I would fain have stopped, had not the pressure of circumstances ever pushed me onward. It is thus that we attain to those "heights of virtue, which overlook the plain of innocence." Thus rushing, leaping, and struggling, the fountain, after its long winding passage, springs upward to its level.

Yet in this retrospect of old landmarks, there mixes with the consciousness of spiritual progress, that deep sadness which belongs to the words, "They return no more!" To my *eye*, they stand like Dido, on the lone sea-shore, "waving her love from Carthage." To my *ear*, they float in that mournfullest of all sweet tunes, "The light of other days." The path by which we have climbed the mountain, we can tread no more; on the points where we *have* rested, we can never rest again. Moore, in his Epicurean, represents the noviciate seeking after spiritual truth, as compelled to pass through fire, and flood, and then ascend, he knew not whither, by a ladder, swinging to and fro in the gusty wind, over a deep and dark abyss. But *he knew not, till he had nearly reached the top, that every step broke under him, as he left it.* Who, that has tried to live a true and earnest life, does not see here the record of his progress?

There are times, when I long inexpressibly to return to that period in my religious experience, when "the morning stars sang together for joy;" but the same stars would not sing to me so gloriously now; for I now comprehend that they were but one part of the great chorus of the universe; whereas they then seemed to me *all*. "Thatwhich we can see, and not see over, stands to us in place of the infinite," says Carlyle.

When I look back upon the enthusiasm and mutual joy of early friendships, I covet their renewal; but should I meet the selfsame individuals, we could be friends no longer; we should not even understand each other's language. I remember one, who, in my youthful days, was the very Magnus Apollo of my imagination. I listened to him in reverence, and took truth (or fancied I took it) upon his authority; for it seemed to me that he knew all, and that I could never hope to be half as wise as he. We met ten years after, and I knew not what to say to him! We walked in the summer woods, and it reminded him of Thompson's Seasons, which he recited, as of old. "But I, in the meantime, had become intimate with Wordsworth,. and dwelt in friendly companionship with Herder, Schiller, and Jean Paul. Strangely, like some meagre, foreign tongue, his words fell upon my ear. Yet he, and Thompson too, had once rendered me most pleasant and effectual service. I remembered it with gratitude; but could enjoy it no more. The step by which I had risen, had broken behind me, and fallen into the measureless abyss of the past. Our disappointment arose from trying to meet at the point where we *had* met; forgetful that the pleasant communion we then enjoyed was but a *means*, not an *end*; that the law of perpetual progress had separated us widely, to meet no more. My friend had not remained stationary, but had moved in another direction. He had become an acute lawyer, and could have opened Blackstone to me, with marvellous learning, had such knowledge been an appropriate means to the end whither I was wending. But I had gone from Thompson, to Byron, and dwelt awhile with him, as in a magician's hall, through which came æolian complaints, and wild, grand crashes of the organ, from the dim vastness of an unseen world. With increase of knowledge, I saw that the pictures and statues in the hall were living demons; and I felt the breath of evil spirits crowding around me. But they had done me no harm, for I knew not of their presence, while I listened entranced to that wild rush of music from the invisible. When I saw them, I turned shuddering away, and they could not follow me; for from them, I went lovingly to the serene beauty of Wordsworth, reflecting the heavens like a clear, deep lake, in its mountain stillness. I loved him the better, because I had gone awhile with Byron, on his tempestuous path. Passing upward, I met Herder, who "dwelt with the great of all ages, yet with a divine Spinozism of the *heart*, loved the humblest reptile, the meanest insect, and every blossom of the woods."

From these have I learned, (and God forever bless them for the lesson,) that

"The poet dwells in a golden world,
With golden stars above;
Born in the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

L. M. C.

Anti-Slavery Items.

THE TIMES ARE CHANGED.—The State House has been granted, *by a unanimous vote*, to the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society for their annual meeting, on the 25th, 26th and 27th of this month. During the time that the State House is in use, FANEUIL HALL is granted to them. Will Virginia order out her militia?

THE STORY OF OUR SHAME.—J. Q. Adams's celebrated speech about our relations with Texas and Mexico, has been published both in French and Spanish, and has been extensively circulated in Mexico, South America, and Europe.

A MAHOMETAN EXAMPLE.—The Bey of Tunis has by a decree struck the fetters from every slave in his dominions, shut up the slave market, and proclaimed the entire abolition of human slavery.

A LESSON TO PREJUDICE.—A colored man was recently called to the bar of the Middle Temple, London. His father is one of the Senators of Jamaica, and possessed of a very large fortune, the bulk of which he entailed on his son.

DECISION IN OHIO.—An important decision was made to-day, by the Supreme Court. A colored man, nearer white than mulatto, had sued the judges of election for refusing his vote in one of the southern counties, and a half-breed Indian had sued the judges of election for the same cause in one of the northern counties. The court decided that both had a right to vote. Judge Read dissented. So now it is settled law in Ohio, that some colored men have a right to vote, and that every body nearer white than mulatto is a good enough white man to make a governor, if the majority of his candidate be only one. This *is* a step.—*Philanthropist.*

SLAVER CAPTURED.—A Portuguese schooner, with about 500 slaves on board, was carried into Sierra Leone on the 3d of November, by a British cruiser.

ABYSSINIA.—The most cruel kind of negro slavery, perhaps, in existence, is that practised at Dahaleh, an island on the Abyssinian coast. The pearl fishery, according to Ruppell, who visited it in 1831, is carried on exclusively by youths, who are often sacrificed to the severities which accompany it. Many are destroyed by sharks, or fall victims to the negligence of the overseers, who are warming themselves at a fire, while the poor creatures are pulling in vain at a rope which is attached to the arm, and is destined to give notice to those above when they are in want of air.

AFRICAN CHAPELS.—Out of twenty-six Wesleyan chapels in Sierra Leone, the roof timbers, the flooring, and other wood work, of twenty, are composed nearly exclusively of slave ships, which have been taken by her majesty's men-of-war on the coast, and condemned by the mixed commission court.—*Sierra Leone Watchman.*

A STATUE OF LIBERTY.—On looking over a file of old papers, a day or two since, we met with the following paragraph from the pen of the erudite and philanthropic Robert Walsh, written when editor of the National Gazette:

"Under the Roman *Emperors*, the *slave* who was treated with harshness or severity by his master, might fly for protection to the statue of the emperor, of which there was one at least in each town. From this asylum, which it was sacrilege to violate, the judge or magistrate alone could remove him, and might, by a merciful interference, either secure for the slave a milder treatment, or cause him to be sold; the price being rendered to the master. There should be a statue of *liberty* in our slaveholding States, to which at least the colored person claiming to be *free*, could cling until his claims had been fairly investigated."

Recent events in this city show us that *such* a statue to liberty, as is described in the foregoing extract, should be also erected in the *non-slaveholding States*. There is room for one in the Doric Hall of our State House—and no fitter place can be found for such a statue, than by the side of the STATUE OF WASHINGTON.—*Boston Jour.*

WHO IS A TRUE DEMOCRAT?—An article, much copied in the democratic papers, tells certain marks by which a true democrat may be known. One of these tokens is the following:

"No true democrat will countenance any other distinctions in society, than those of mind and character."

After completing its specifications of the various evidences of democracy, the article concludes thus:

"The man who does these things, *or any of them*, has the leprosy of aristocracy upon him. He may be true till his truth is tried. He may stand by the people till it is his interest to betray them. But his democracy is built upon the sand, and when the winds blow, and the rains beat, it will fall. It may remain erect in fair weather, but it cannot resist a storm."

How does this comport with negro pews, and Jim Crow cars, and a denial of the right of trial by jury?

THE WAY WE ARE GOVERNED.—In the debate on the admission of Missouri, as a slave State, into the Union, John Randolph, of Virginia, in behalf of his brethren, the members of Congress from the slaveholding States, made the following frank declaration:

"We do not govern them [the people of the North] by *our black slaves* but by *their own white slaves. We know what we are doing.* We of the South are always united, from the Ohio to Florida—and we can always unite; but you of the North are beginning to divide. *We have conquered you once, and we can, and we will, conquer you again.* Aye, sir, *we will drive you to the wall*, and when we have you there once more, we mean to keep you there, and *nail you down like base money.*"

A SERVILE NORTHERNER.—We stated a few weeks since that the agent of the New World, at Charleston, S. C. had been held in bonds to the amount of $1000, for vending a copy of that paper containing the last address of Dr. CHANNING, on West India Emancipation. The Charleston Courier of the 12th of November, contains the following advertisement by this accommodating agent:

"*A New Book.*—☞ Notes for General Circulation, by Charles Dickens, esq. (Boz,) being the observations of this celebrated writer, on the institutions of this country—the people, and their manners and customs, will be received at 95 East Bay, THIS MORNING, should the mail come through. Price 25 cents, &c. &c. *The above work as soon as received, will be submitted to highly intelligent members of the South Carolina Association for Inspection, and IF the sale is approved by them, it will be for sale; if not—not.* No one can be more anxious than myself to know what pleases this community, or more thankful for information which will enable me to act rightly.

(Signed) A. HEAD, *Periodical Agent.*

This seems to have stirred up some degree of indignation in the editor of the New World. He says:

We were not aware that the good people of the South rejoiced in an Inquisition exercising such a fatherly guardianship over the public morals as this *South Carolina Association*; nor that "highly intelligent gentlemen" were appointed to examine the works of foreign authors, and report whether they were fit to be entrusted to the reading public. At the North, indeed, it was customary, we believe, for the governesses of boarding-schools to examine the character of the books before giving them to the young misses; but we know of no instance in these parts, where an association has been formed to prescribe what works may safely be read by the papas and mammas, and placed in the libraries of the authors, lawyers, doctors, clergymen, and statesmen in the neighborhood."

LATIMER AND JUSTICE.—Gov. Davis of Massachusetts refuses to deliver to the authorities of Virginia the person of Latimer claimed as a fugitive from justice.

So say all the papers, and he is perfectly right, inasmuch as the claim is a mere pretext to regain an escaped slave; just as deserters from the United States army have sometimes been claimed of the Canadian local authorities, and delivered up on the charge of horse-stealing. Why did not the pretended owner, Gray, of the fugitive Latimer, demand him of Gov. Davis, as a criminal, *at first*, if such he was? But he was not; he was a person on whom Gray had a claim that is very doubtful to this day, and this he voluntarily quitted for the consideration of $400 to him in hand paid, after having illegally arrested, and detained him in prison, where he could keep him no longer, and after making himself liable to an action for false imprisonment. Not having the front to resume his obnoxious claim, the Governor of Virginia does it for him, and, worse still, makes use of false pretenses to do what is wrong in morals, and against the laws of Massachusetts. Were not the fact beyond the possibility of contradiction, this would hardly have been believed of chivalrous Virginia.

Died.

At Willimantic, Ct. Dec. 27th, 1842, Ellen Byrne, aged 24. The slave has lost a faithful friend, and the cause of *universal* benevolence, a firm and decided advocate. She was ever at her post, in all the departments of anti-slavery effort; and so conscientious was she, in regard to giving the least influence to the dark spirit of slavery, that the comforts of life were willingly and freely sacrificed, and the products of unrequited toil remained untasted.

Her mind was deeply marked with that decision of character, which led her, under all circumstances, to defend the cause of the bleeding slave, nor did she ever shrink from her duty, when called to meet the scorn and contumely of an opposing world.

Possessing, as she did, a strong and well cultivated mind, many were the triumphs she gained by her mild and gentle rebukes, to those who opposed the immediate and universal emancipation of slavery in all its forms. In our efforts against sin, of every kind, we have lost an earnest coadjutor, a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ. At the monthly concert for the slave, her seat was scarcely ever vacant; and at *all* our prayer meetings she was found in her place.

But she has gone to her rest, and her works will follow her. But who will supply her place? Let the mantles of the faithful ones departed, fall upon the living. Gird on anew, the anti-slavery armour, of faith, and hope, and love, till, without any discord, freedom's universal jubilee is sung throughout the world. [*Communicated.*

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week, ending 1st mo. (Jan.) 14th, 1843.

Received for the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2:—Jonathan Freeman, Hanover, N. H.; S B Watson, Lowell, Mass.; Julia Ann French, Richmond, Ind.; Salinda Wells, South Scituate, R. I.; Hiram S. Gilmore, Cincinnati, O.; Samuel Tyson, Newark, De.; Edmund Church, Northampton, Mass.; L. Wilmarth, Attleboro, Mass.; J C Tabor, New Bedford, Mass.; Johnson Rideout, Bath, Me.; Seth Webb, Scituate, Mass.; Wendell Phillips, Boston; Amos Clement, Danville, Vt.; Jonah Farquhar, Oakland, O.; J Pollister, Pultneyville, N. Y.; Augustus Franks, Warsaw, N. Y.; Nathaniel Miller, Skeneateles, N. Y.; R G Brown, Dighton, Mass.; Elizabeth Hoar, Concord, Mass.; John Pryor, Poplar Ridge, N. Y.

Jerome Phillips, West Thompson, Ct. $1; L Durfee, Palmyra, N. Y. $1; William Kidd, Salem, O. $1; Gilbert H Hallet, Factoryville, N. Y. $1; H Robinson, New-York city, $1; C W Prouty, Scituate, Mass. $1; J Judkin, Byesville, O. $3; James S Peregrine, Wilmington, O. $1; Elizabeth Palmer, Marengo, N. Y. $1 67; Lydia Ann Moulton, do. $1 67; Daniel Popin, Williamson, N. Y. $1; Durfee Herendon, Macedon, N. Y. $10; Persis Hall, Skeneateles, N. Y. $1.

Donations.—Willis Atwater, Northville, N. Y. $1 50; N D Tripp, Ledyard, N. Y. $3; Anna Underhill, do. 50 cts.; John Hussey, do. $5; David Arnold, do. 80 cts.; Henry Chase, Northville, N. Y. $19; Mr Greenfield, do. $1; Benjamin Wilson, Waterloo, N. Y. 50 cts.; Abram Vail, do. $2; Abigail Wooden, do. 38 cts.; Charles Freebody, by R P H. do. $10; Friends in Pitcher and Guilford, $3 30; Ezra A Pool, Oneida Lake, N. Y. $10; Asa J Hinckley, Mansfield, Ct. $8; E Burnham, Hampton, Ct. $1 50; E Scarboro, Brooklyn, Ct. $6; Charles Hinckley, Plainfield, Ct. $5; L Jones, Hampton, Ct. $1; Martin Phillips, Mansfield, Ct. $1; George Sharp, Abington, Ct. $1; Daniel Tarbox, Brooklyn, Ct. $9; A Burnham, Hampton, Ct. $1; Asa Burnham, do. $1; Elisha Burnham, do. $1; Samuel Barston, W. Killingly, Ct. $1; A Firth, jr. Leicester, Mass. $1; A Firth, jr. Clappville, Mass. $4; Charles White, Worcester, Mass. $3; Lucy Scarboro, Brooklyn, Ct. $5; Sarah R. May, Leicester, Mass. $5; Samuel May, do. $5; Abby Kelley, per A J Ballou, $92; Upton A. S. Society, $5; Friends, W. Brookfield, Mass. $25; George Evans, Worcester, Mass. $1; Abraham Underhill, and others, Northville, N. Y. $15 90; J Evard, jr. on account pledge, $3; Mary B Thomas, pledge, $1; Adeline Fuller, Cambridgeport, Mass. for her pledge, $10; Abner Sanger, for S Danvers, pledge, $25; William Wakeman, Pultneyville, N. Y. $5.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Cuba and Haiti.—We have once or twice alluded to difficulties between these islands, growing out of some aggressions by a few of the famishing inhabitants of the Cape, reduced to a state of distress, almost amounting to starvation, by the late dreadful earthquake. Cuba, with the sensitive jealousy and fear that belongs to a slaveholding community, thought that perhaps more was "meant than met the eye." She rigorously enforced her laws forbidding *free* colored people to enter her ports, and moreover fitted out vessels of war against Haiti. Cuba demands $2,000 damages for the detention of Spanish vessels in the ports of Haiti, (growing out of this difficulty,) and an apology to the Spanish flag. This demand has produced great excitement.

The *Manifeste*, a Haitien paper, says: "Let the governor of that island reflect, and abandon his outrageous pretensions. A very narrow channel separates us from Cuba. We can reach there in one night, deliver that colony up to blood and fire, and while avenging ourselves, become the liberators of our race, which langnishes there in slavery. This would for Haiti be an enterprise so glorious, that at the slightest manifestation of hostility on the part of the Spanish authorities, the *elite* of our youth would claim to form part of the expedition that would plant in Cuba the tree of liberty!"

The *Patriote*, however, speaks in a calmer and wiser tone. That paper says: "These demands being rejected, the corvette returned to Havana; not, however, as was reported, because she was ordered off by this government. The more disagreeable this affair is, the more does it concern our interest and dignity to speak of it with moderation and caution, and not give way to bravados that might be construed into fresh offense."

A Significant Fact.—In the island of Cuba, within the last fifteen years, the white population of the island has increased only 7,204, while in the same period the colored population has increased 333,947, or, in proportion to the increase of the white population, as 46 to 1.

The Creole Case.—In the case of Thomas McCargo, (the owner of the cargo of slaves on board the celebrated Creole,) *vs.* the New Orleans Insurance Company, to recover the sum of $20,000 insurance, on the slaves who committed the mutiny and insurrection on board the schooner Creole, from Richmond, the jury, on the 28th ult. returned a verdict of $18,400 for the plaintiffs. The case has been one of great interest, and argued with uncommon skill, ingenuity, and legal learning.—*New-York Evangelist.*

The Creole.—Among the vessels destroyed by the late terrific storm at Funchal, was the Creole, whose name became so notorious in our recent discussions with America.—*English paper.*

Capital Punishment.—The bill for the abolition of legalized murder, which lately passed in the New Hampshire House of Representatives, has failed in the Senate.

Setting the River on Fire.—A grist-mill, in Newcastle, N. H. was destroyed by fire on the 30th ult. A storm caused the tide to rise till it came in contact with lime, which kindled a flame that consumed the whole building.

Flogging in the Navy.—The New-York Standard states that between June 3d, and December 10th, *two thousand, two hundred and sixty-five* blows were inflicted, on board the United States brig Somers; the vessel in which young Spencer and his accomplices were hung for intended mutiny. If this be true, it is no wonder the men were so ready to join in the mutiny. The secrets of our naval ships would curdle the blood of the humane; but it all goes under the name of necessary discipline.

Danger of Playing with Firearms.—A fresh instance of the danger of playing with firearms, occurred in Newark, N. J. lately. A son of Mr. George Rothery, some twelve years of age, was in the garret of his father's house with a journeyman, who was handling his fowling piece. During the course of conversation, he pointed the gun at the boy, who thereupon ran to another apartment, to look back into the garret, when the man ment. He then thrust his head out of the door of the leveled the gun at him, not supposing it to be loaded, when the whole charge of bird shot entered his chin and neck, and the door. The wound, though very severe, will not probably prove mortal.

A Hard Case.—A Mr. King, from Ohio, on his way to New-York, in the steamboat Osiris, lately met with a sad accident. He stood by the railing, sea sick, when the captain came for the passage money. Not having enough in his purse, he took out a bag, containing $817 in gold—all the money he had. Just as he took it out, a sea caused him to pitch forward, and the purse fell into the sea. The captain provided him with money to reach New-York, but he was then quite destitute.

Jamaica—The crops in Jamaica are so large, that, after having loaded all the vessels there, it was necessary to send to other islands for more ships to bring produce to England.

Burning Bibles.—A great excitement has been kindled by the burning of Bibles in Champlain, N. Y. They were distributed among Catholics, by the Bible Society; and a few priests, collected and burned them. Bishop Hughes has published a card, strongly condemning this proceeding, in the name of Catholics at large. He says, though his Church condemns the Protestant versions of the Bible as spurious, and directs its people to read their own authorized translation, which is abundantly within their reach, it does not authorize the burning of heretical *Bibles*, any more than the Protestant faith justifies the burning of Catholic *Convents*. If persons of either faith are guilty, let *them* be condemned, and not their *religion*. The Bishop offers to pay half of all the expense of investigating this outrage.

NOTICES.

HAVE WE A RIGHT TO INTERFERE?

A meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the hall of the Atwood Institute, North 4th street, near Callowhill, on Wednesday evening the 25th instant, at 7 o'clock. An address, and the answering of two questions by members may be expected. And the discussion of the question, "Have the citizens of the North a right to interfere with slavery at the South," will be continued. It is to be hoped that the abolitionists of the city and county, generally, will favor us more with their presence than they have hitherto done; and that such as feel so disposed will take a part in our proceedings. Ladies are especially invited to be present.

EDWIN SALTER, *Secretary.*

NOTICE.

A special meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society of the county of Philadelphia will be held on Tuesday evening, the 24th instant, at 7 o'clock.

The precise time and place of meeting will be announced in the Public Ledger of the day previous.

J. S. HALLOWELL, *Secretary.*

CONVENTION OF THE ADVOCATES OF LIBERTY.

The citizens of Chester county, and parts adjacent, are requested to meet at Marlborough meeting-house, in the township of East Marlborough,

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ELLEN BYRNE.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

O God! we know that Thou art just,
And merciful, in all thy ways,
Yet Lord, in earnest grief we must
Weep sadly, even while we praise;
Mourn the departed loveliness
Which cheered us like an Angel's smile—
The seraph-goodness, sent to bless
Our spirits, for a little while—
Then backward unto Thee to turn,
With the pure soul of ELLEN BYRNE.

She came, as comes the golden light,
A sunbeam to the freezing heart;—
Clothed, even here, in Heaven's own white,—
Ah! why so early to depart?
She kept the soul thou gavest her,
Untarnished, in this world of sin,—
Her every thought a worshipper
Before the holy shrine within;
Her every deed an offering, given,
Pure and acceptable, to Heaven.

Mourn! mourn! for what the Earth hath lost;
Poor outcasts, wretched and forlorn,
Sad spirits, scarred and tempest-tost,
Mourn! for a loving soul hath gone.
A heart whose every pulse beat high
With pity for the scorned and poor,
Warm with unbounded sympathy,—
Shall throb, oh never, never more!
Weep! though your tears can ill repay
The goodness, which hath passed away.

Dark bondman! doomed in chains to pine,
And bleeding from th' oppressor's rod,
Mourn, but in hope,—a friend of thine
Hath gone, to plead for thee with God.
When speeding to thy home afar,
The land of refuge to the slave,
Led onward by the Northern Star,—
One moment bend above her grave,
And wet with grateful tears the urn
Which holds the dust of ELLEN Byrne.

Thy woes were often on her tongue,
And many were her prayers for thee;
And sorely was her kind heart wrung
For crushed and wronged humanity:
The up-gushing of a boundless love.
In such a great and generous heart,
O! it is mighty, to remove
Bondage, and burst its chains apart;
And it shall work its pure intent,
Though she hath gone to Him who sent.

FRIENDS! in whose souls her quiet love
Was like a holy Presence, given,
God's witness from the world above,
Of that, which ever reigns in Heaven,—
Weep! for in tears there is a balm
For the sick heart's too keen distress,
Soothing its bitterness to the calm
Of deep, yet quiet tenderness;
Weep! or the grief-wrung heart will bleed;
For she hath been a friend indeed.

Mourn, SISTERS! ay, I know ye will,
Yet wrong her not with your *despair*:
Though Ellen's heart is cold and still
In death, her spirit is not there;
She lives! and, fondly may we trust,
Will visit oft the low, green spot,
Where ye shall bend above her dust;—
Inspiring, even when heeded not,
Your souls with higher hope and bliss,
And life, diviner far than this.

MOTHER! the deeper pang is given
To thee, for in her life was thine;
Yet murmur not; she bends from Heaven
White-robed, and breathing songs divine,
Heard only when the soul, in deep
Devotion wrestles with its God,
What time the star-eyed Angels keep
Their night-watch o'er the dewy sod;—
And there thy sainted Ellen waits,
To greet thee at the golden gates.

Yet we *must weep*, who knew her worth;
Yea, weep that such a guileless heart
Should mingle with the common earth,—
Though "sanctified in every part,"—
That one sent here to show, how much
Of goodness may be swathed in clay,—
Even when the world hath need of such,
Should pass, from us, so soon away;
In deepest sorrow shall we mourn
Above the grave of Ellen Byrne.

But while we cherish, in each breast,
The virtues, which have made her form
A temple for the holiest,
Reared with an altar ever warm,—
With joy, to us shall death unbar
The portals of the land of rest,
Where radiant as the morning star,
She bends adoring with the blest;
And gladly shall our souls return,
To meet in Heaven our Ellen Byrne.

January 1st, 1843.

From Longfellow's Poems on Slavery.

THE GOOD PART, THAT SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY.

She dwells by Great Kenhawa's side,
In valleys green and cool;
And all her hopes and all her pride
Are in the village school.

Her soul, like the transparent air
That robes the hills above,
Though not of earth, encircles there
All things with arms of love.

And thus she walks among her girls,
With praise and mild rebukes;
Subduing e'en rude village churls,
By her angelic looks.

She reads to them at eventide,
Of One who came to save;
To cast the captive's chain aside,
And liberate the slave.

And oft the blessed time foretells
When all men shall be free;
And musical, as silver bells,
Their falling chains shall be.

And following her beloved Lord,
In decent poverty,
She makes her life one sweet record
And deed of charity.

For she was rich, and gave up all
To break the iron bands
Of those who waited in her hall,
And labored in her lands.

Long since, beyond the southern sea
Their outbound sails have sped,
While she, in meek humility,
Now earns her daily bread.

It is their prayers, which never cease,
That clothe her with such grace;
Their blessings is the light of peace
That shines upon her face.

Will not a man listen? be silent; and prove thy maxim by example:

Never fear, thou losest not thy hold, though thy mouth doth not render a reason.

Proverbial Philosophy.

Miscellany.

ASKING AND THINKING—FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

"Mother," said a little girl, who was extremely fond of inquiring into what she could not understand, "what is poetry?"

"My child," replied the mother, "you have asked me a very puzzling question; but I will endeavor to answer it as clearly as I can."

"I thought," continued the little girl—for, though she was in the habit of asking the opinion of others, she generally preferred first giving her own—"I thought poetry had been that kind of reading, of which some of the lines are short, and some long."

"And what has changed your ideas on this subject?" said her mother.

"Why, I heard you remark, the other day, that the face of a young Hindoo was poetical; and I have been wondering ever since, what you could possibly mean."

"Perhaps," replied the mother, "if I ask you what is music, and especially if I can induce you to think a little while before answering me, it may assist in rendering the subject more intelligible to you. But I must again repeat, what I so often have to tell you, that my answers to your questions can be of no use whatever, unless you will take the time and the trouble to think for yourself. Tell me, then, in as few words as you can, what is music?"

"Music," said the little girl—for, notwithstanding her mother's caution, she was in great haste to speak—"music is playing on the piano, or the harp, or——"

"Stop, stop," said her mother, "think again; music cannot be playing; for the instrument might be broken, and I might still play upon the chords or the keys, without producing anything like music."

After a few more unsuccessful attempts, the little girl at last said, thoughtfully, "Music, then, must be a number of pleasant sounds mixed together."

"You have now," said the mother, "approached so much nearer to a right explanation, that I will endeavor to assist you. Music does not always consist of sounds agreeable in themselves," and she struck one of the lowest notes of the piano, to convince her daughter of this fact; "but of sounds so arranged, and so repeated, as to produce an agreeable effect upon the ear, and not upon the ear only, but upon the mind; for, even when music is melancholy, it is often pleasing still."

"I have often wondered how it was," said the little girl, "that though I like so much to listen when you play upon the piano, yet when I come into the room by myself, and touch the very same keys, though I strike them as hard as I can, I am sometimes startled, and always vexed at the frightful noises I make."

"I will not, at present," observed her mother, "make any farther remark upon the violence done to my piano, in my absence; but proceed with our subject, by saying, that I think the simplest combination of sound, which can be called music, is the song of the cuckoo. This song consists of only two notes; and though you can imitate them very well, yet when heard in a room, and when uttered by a human voice, they are not particularly musical."

"Yet, mother," said the little girl, "how we love to listen to them in the orchard, when the apple-trees are in blossom; on the primrose bank, or in the dingle, where the lambs go down to play amongst the yellow furze."

"Yes," replied the mother, "there are few sounds more pleasing, both to young and old, than the two simple notes of the cuckoo's song, because they make us think of so many pleasant things—of the return of spring—of the bursting forth of buds and flowers—of the waving of green corn—of the scent of purple clover—of the sport of playful lambs upon the grassy knolls—and of the universal rejoicing of nature.

"It is not, therefore, mere sound which can be called music, but the arrangement of sounds in such order, and so repeated, as to remind us forcibly of something else. It is the same with poetry. Poetry is not merely seen or heard; it is something which we feel and understand at the same time; and that is the best poetry which makes us feel the most. There may be poetry in many things which are not written in lines either long or short; and there may be lines of every variety of length, which contain very little poetry: because, though the sounds they produce may be pleasing to the ear, they do not make us think of anything that can interest or gratify the mind.

"When you heard me remark that there was poetry in the countenance of this Hindoo, it was because, while gazing on it, my mind was filled with pleasant sensations. I was reminded of sweetness of temper, of benevolence, of general quickness of perception, and of——"

The little girl could wait no longer. She thought she had detected her mother in a great mistake, and the temptation to speak overcame her curiosity, which was very apt to flag while any explanation that required thinking about was going on. "You see," she said, "in the face of this black man, sweetness of temper, benevolence, and quickness of perception, and you pronounce him to be a poet. Now, these are the very qualities you have often observed in our old milkman, and yet I don't think he ever wrote poetry."

"If you had waited," said Mrs. Morton, "until the end of my sentence, you might have spared this remark; but I see you are weary of hearing me, and would rather know nothing about poetry, than listen for a few minutes longer."

"Oh, no! dear mother," said Fanny; "go on, if you please; only your sentences are rather long."

"I will try to make them shorter; and I have only to add, that when poetry pleases us while it makes us sad, it is still by reminding us of pleasures which we have either lost, or which we are not permitted to enjoy; and that it is not merely necessary for poetry to remind us of pleasant things; but that it should not remind us of what is vulgar, coarse, or mean."

"But a black man," said Fanny, with great earnestness; "a black man must be coarse; and," she added, in an under tone, "*I* should call him mean."

"I am yet ignorant," said Mrs. Morton, "of the real character and station in life of this Hindoo. Read to me the short account of him which accompanies the picture, and we shall then know whether I have been correct in my judgment, and whether he has deserved to be called mean."

Fanny would have liked much better to have glanced over the paper, and see whether her mother was right or wrong, before she began to read aloud; but Mrs. Morton again requested her to begin, and she did so accordingly. It was not, however, entirely with satisfaction. She discovered that the young man, whose portrait had given rise to these remarks, was a person of family and fortune, and of what is called high caste in India. His ancestors were formerly invited, by a prince of Bengal, to settle in his territories, for the purpose of assisting him in the government of his people; and since the period of British ascendancy, his family had lived as private gentlemen; to his proper name, Kasiprasad Ghosh, Baboo being prefixed, as a title equal in dignity to that of esquire. At the age of fourteen, this young Hindoo was sent to the college at Calcutta, for the purpose of completing his education under an English gentleman, now professor of Sanscrit, at Oxford. He remained there six years, and during the last three obtained all the honors awarded in the different branches of learning, and was particularly distinguished, at a public examination, by a paper he had been requested to write, entitled, "Critical remarks upon the British India of Mr. Mill."

"There," said Fanny, in great triumph, "you see, he was no poet, after all. He only wrote critical remarks, and that sort of dry things."

"Read on," said Mrs. Morton; "we have not come to the end yet."

Soon after this period, the young Hindoo, who was enthusiastically devoted to English literature, became a contributor to the Calcutta periodicals. He composed verses in Bengalee; but what is very remarkable, the greater portion of his writings were in English, in which language he expressed himself with much force, facility, and grace; so as to excite the astonishment of all who were able to estimate the difficulties he had to overcome in writing poetry in a foreign language.

The encouragement awarded to his genius by the public, induced him to try his powers in the composition of a longer poem, entitled "The Shair;" the Hindoostanee word for minstrel; and the work not only established his reputation as a poet in India, but has been very favorably noticed in England.

The Oriental beauties of a small poem of his, entitled "The boatman's song to Ganga," have rendered it a great favorite with those who are familiar with his works, and it is, perhaps, the most beautiful of any of the productions of his pen; but the whole are remarkable, as proofs that poetry does not belong peculiarly to any country, or to any clime; and that the mind may be so elevated, and so imbued with a love of what is beautiful or sublime, as to render the poet capable of transmitting his feelings through the medium of any language he may choose.

Mrs. Morton did not make a single remark that could lead her daughter to think she was triumphing over her, because it was now clearly proved that the young Hindoo was really a poet, and far from being a mean one either. She refrained from this entirely, because she had observed that the conversation both of the young and the old is often spoiled by such kind of triumph, which irritates the temper, without producing any good. She therefore turned over a collection of pictures, until she came to one which represented two Cingalese scholars under the instruction of Dr. Adam Clarke, and this she placed before the notice of her child, hoping she had learned, by their late conversation, not to call persons mean, because their complexions might be a few shades darker than her own.

In this, however, she was disappointed; for no sooner had Fanny read the title of the picture, than she expressed her surprise that any one should like to spend their time in teaching such stupid sort of people as those.

"To me," said her mother, "they look the very opposite of stupid; and I have even wondered at the skill of the artist, that he could represent so much dignity and intelligence in figures so small, and so dark."

"I think they do look rather respectable," said Fanny, "now that I examine them again. And are these also poets?"

"I should think not," said Mrs. Morton; "because we find they are called scholars; and as poetry cannot easily be taught, I should rather suppose they have been remarkable for their quickness, or their industry, in learning what to them would be far more useful than poetry. But let us read who they really were."

"I find," said Fanny, "they are two Cingalese priests—priests of Budhah, with their learned and devoted teacher, Dr. Adam Clarke. They are described by him as having been lively youths, deeply interesting in their character. They were near relations, educated for the priesthood, and the eldest, who was twenty-seven, had been high priest of Budhah for the space of eight years. Their hair, always shaven in their own country, was, on their arrival in England, beginning to grow, and was quite black, as was their complexion also. Their eyes were fine, their features regular, and their whole appearance and deportment gentle and intelligent. Their dress was a short tunic of brocade, with gold and silver flowers, a sash, like that worn by officers, round the waist, and above all a yellow garment thrown loosely and gracefully over the left shoulder. In addition, one of them used a screen, made of silk, which had been held before his face when he was a priest in the temple."

"But why did they come to England?" said Fanny. "And what were they doing here?"

Mrs. Morton looked over the book, and saw that her daughter had passed by a great deal that she considered as uninteresting matter; and thus, by entering at once upon a description of the appearance of the priests, she would have remained in total ignorance of their history, had not her mother requested her to go back, and commence at the beginning.

Fanny then read—that when Sir Alexander Johnstone was made chief-justice in Ceylon, he formed the benevolent plan of raising the moral and political character of the natives, by abolishing slavery, and giving them the rights of free people. Amongst other privileges, he granted them that of establishing Christian schools and missions in every part of the island; in consequence of which, a Bible society was formed at Columba—the first in British India, and translations of the scriptures were made into the languages of the country.

Sir Alexander Johnstone also endeavored to encourage the natives of the highest rank to visit England, in order that they might become acquainted with the more enlightened institutions of that country. In these measures, the natives readily cooperated. The high priests of Budhah presented an address to the governor, on his leaving the island in 1818, when they proved their confidence in him, by requesting that he would take with him two priests of their order.

No priest of Budhah ever having come to England before, it was hoped that, if these were properly treated, their visit would be attended with the most beneficial effects, by inducing others to follow their example, and thus communicating to their countrymen the arts of civilization. Sir Alexander, therefore, readily consented to the proposal, and brought over the two young priests at his own expense. As soon as he landed, he communicated his views to his friend, Dr. Clarke, who, with his usual benevolence and zeal, immediately laid the subject before the Wesleyan society, and was authorized by them to take charge of, and educate the priests, at the expense of that society.

Their learned tutor describes his pupils as manifesting, in all matters of science, the warmest interest. It happened, the first winter of their visit, that the snow fell thick on the ground. Their bedroom window opened into the garden, and when they looked out, their surprise was uncontrollable, amounting to actual fear. After gazing some time upon the white world before them, they ran into the study of Dr. Clarke, calling him to come and see, and handle this new wonder. The pond in the garden too being frozen, they saw what they had long wished to behold—"solid water," on which they could not be prevailed upon to trust themselves, until they had seen others, as well as their master, walking on the slippery surface; for though Dr. Clarke was the first to venture, they thought he had so much faith that he could do anything.

After due examination, these once heathen priests received the rite of baptism, in the presence of a large assembly, in Brunswick chapel, Liverpool, in 1820, and it was soon afterwards determined that they should return to their own country. They reached the island of Ceylon in safety, where one engaged in the duties of a Christian teacher, and the other became a civil officer of the local government.

SCENE IN A SLAVE PRISON.

The following letter from Dr. S. G. Howe to Charles Sumner, esq. appears in the Liberty Bell. We are informed by a note from the editor, that the letter was written, in the course of friendly correspondence, without the remotest idea of its being ever published; and when the scene, which it describes, was fresh in the mind of the writer:

"I have passed ten days in New Orleans—not unprofitably, I trust—in examining the public institutions, the schools, asylums, hospitals, prisons, &c. With the exception of the first, there is little hope of amelioration. I know not how much merit there may be in their system; but I do know, that in the administration of the penal code, there are abominations which should bring down the fate of Sodom upon the city.

A man suspected of a crime, and awaiting his trial, is thrust into a pandemonium, filled with convicts and outlaws, where, herding and sleeping in common with hardened wretches, he breathes an atmosphere whose least evil is its physical impurity; and which is loaded with blasphemies, obscenities, and the sound of hellish orgies, intermingled with the clanking of the chains of the more furious demons, who are not caged, but who crawl about in the crowd with fettered legs and hands.

If Howard, or Mrs. Fry, ever discovered so ill-administered a den of thieves as the New Orleans prison, they never described it. In the negroes' apartment, I saw much which made me blush that I was a white man, and which for a moment stirred up an evil spirit in my animal nature. Entering a large paved court-yard, around which ran galleries, filled with slaves, of all ages, sexes, and colors, I heard the snap of a whip, every stroke of which sounded like the sharp crack of a pistol. I turned my head, and beheld a sight which absolutely chilled me to the marrow of my bones, and gave me, for the first time in my life, the sensation of my hair stiffening at the roots. There lay a black girl, flat upon her face, on a board, her two thumbs tied and fastened to one end, her feet tied and drawn tightly to the other end, while a strap passed over the small of her back, and fastened around the board, confined her closely to it. Below the strap, she was entirely naked; by her side, and six feet off, stood a huge negro, with a long whip, which he applied with dreadful power, and wonderful precision. Every stroke brought away a strip of skin, which clung to the lash, or fell quivering on the pavement, while the blood followed after it. The poor creature writhed and shrieked; and in a voice which showed alike her fear of death, and her dreadful agony, screamed to her master, who stood at her head: 'O! spare my life—don't cut my soul out!' But still fell the horrid lash; still, strip after strip pealed off from the skin; gash after gash was cut in her living flesh, until it became a livid and bloody mass of raw and quivering muscle.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I refrained from springing upon the torturer, and arresting his lash; but alas! what could I do, but turn aside to hide my tears for the sufferer, and my blushes for humanity?

This was in a public and regularly-organized prison; the punishment was one recognized and authorized by the law. But think you the poor wretch had committed a heinous offense, and been convicted thereof, and sentenced to the lash? Not at all! She was brought by her master to be whipped by the common executioner, without trial, judge, or jury, just at his beck and nod, for some real or supposed offense, or to gratify his own whim or malice. And he may bring her, day after day, without cause assigned, and inflict any number of lashes he pleases, short of twenty-five, provided only he pays the fee. Or, if he choose, he may have a private whipping-board, on his own premises, and brutalize himself there.

A shocking part of this horrid punishment was its publicity; as I have said, it was in a court-yard, surrounded by galleries, which were filled with colored persons, of both sexes—runaway slaves; slaves committed for some crime, or slaves up for sale. You would naturally suppose they crowded forward, and gazed, horror-stricken, at the spectacle below. But they did not; many of them hardly noticed it, and many were entirely indifferent to it. They went on in their childish pursuits; and some were laughing outright, in the different parts of the galleries! So low can man, created in God's image, be sunk in brutality! So much is he the creature of circumstance, that by a degrading and brutalizing system of slavery, every distinguishing trait of humanity may be effaced, and he be made happy as the stalled ox; while a Christian and civilized people can be found, who, from the mere love of lucre, will fasten this system upon him, and urge in their defense, that he is as happy as a brute, and is incable of any higher enjoyment!"

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce has the following:

A most extraordinary surgical operation has been performed, the particulars of which will be found detailed in a couple of columns of the London Morning Herald, of the 26th ult. James Wombell, aged 42, a laboring man, had suffered for a period of about five years, with a painful affection of the left knee joint. He was admitted into the hospital at Wellow, in Nottinghamshire; and it was decided that amputation should take place above the knee joint; and it was accordingly done, while the patient was under the influence of mesmeric sleep! On the 1st of October, this wonderful operation was thus performed, as given in the words of the mesmeriser, one Mr. W. Topham, a lawyer of the Middle Temple, London: "I again mesmerised him, in four minutes. In a quarter of an hour, I told Mr. W Squire Wood (the operator) that he might commence. I then brought two fingers of each hand gently in contact with Wombell's closed eyelids, and there kept them, still further to deepen the sleep. Mr. Wood, after one earnest look at the man, slowly plunged his knife into the centre of the outer side of the thigh, directly to the bone, and then made a clear incision round the bone, to the opposite point, on the outside of the thigh. The stillness at this moment was something awful. The calm respiration of the sleeping man alone was heard, for all others seemed suspended. In making the second incision, the position of the leg was found to be more inconvenient than it had appeared, and the operator could not proceed with his former facility.

Soon after the second incision, a moaning was heard from the patient, which continued, at intervals, until the conclusion. It gave me the idea of a troubled dream; for his sleep continued as profound as ever. The placid look of his countenance never changed for an instant; his whole frame rested, uncontrolled, in perfect stillness and repose; not a muscle or nerve was seen to twitch. To the end of the operation, including the sawing of the bone, securing the arteries, and applying the bandages—occupying a period of more than twenty minutes—he lay like a statue. With strong sal volatile and water, he gradually and calmly awoke; and when asked to describe what he had felt, thus replied: 'I never knew anything more (after his being mesmerised,) and never felt any pain at all; I once felt as if *I heard* a kind of crounching.' I asked if that was painful; he replied, 'No pain at all; I never had any; and knew nothing, till I was awakened by that strong stuff.' The 'crounching' was the sawing of his own thigh bone. The first dressing was performed in mesmeric sleep, with success, and absence of all pain.

This case is so important, that I have condensed its principal features; and when I consider the gravity with which the operation was surrounded, the numbers who were present, the unquestionable rank and respectability of the professional gentlemen, and the utter absence of all affectation, I must candidly admit that scepticism is staggered, and that we are no longer in a position to deride or despise influences so extraordinary, important, and practical."

SILK WEAVING.

Two very curious pieces of silk fabric, showing the great perfection to which the art of silk weaving has attained, may now be seen in this city. One of these deserves notice, from the fact that every process in its manufacture has been performed by the same individual. He raised the silk worms, invented and made the spinning machine and loom, spun and dyed the thread, and wove the fabric.

This piece is a copy of the Declaration of Independence. On a red satin ground, the whole document is copied in perfectly distinct and handsome letters, interwoven with black. At the end are *facsimiles* of the signatures of the members of the Continental Congress. They are skillfully executed, so as to bear a very marked resemblance to the original. The whole is surmounted by a colored head, intended for a portrait of General Washington. This curious piece of stuff is now on exhibition at the Boston museum. Mr. Hardy, the manufacturer, as we have said, has the credit of the whole process. The loom on which it was woven, which is a curious machine, highly creditable to his skill, is also exhibited, and its manner of working shown.

Another fabric, of a somewhat different nature, the work of one of the large French establishments, may be seen in the picture gallery of the Athenæum, which, as our readers will remember, is now open. It is a woven portrait of M. Jacquard, the inventor of the Jacquard silk loom. It is framed and glazed, and unless very closely examined, has exactly the appearance of a fine engraving, printed on paper. The likeness is, apparently, perfectly preserved; it is at least quite evident that the artist had power to preserve it as readily as if he were engraving on copper. We had no idea, before, of the perfection to which the figures woven in silk fabrics could be brought.—*Boston Advertiser.*

IMPORTANCE OF INDIVIDUAL ACTION.

It is stated in the Cincinnati Chronicle, that at an education meeting lately held in that city, the Rev. Dr. Beecher related the following "dream," being a beautiful illustration of the importance of individual action—and showing that in our republican country, although it is only the mass which acts through the laws, it is the *individual* which moves the mass.—*Mer. Jour.*

"He said he had a dream which like other dreams did not wholly express itself, and in which some of the natural objects had the power of speech. He was travelling near the sources of the Monongahela, and, in passing over a rough country, at every short distance, met a little stream, which he could step over; but all of them were going the same way. At last, he asked one, where he was going. "Why," replied the little rill, "I am going to New Orleans. I hear the people there want a great canal, a thousand miles long, and fifteen hundred feet wide, and I am going to help make it." "And pray what can you do? I can step over you. What can you do?" "I don't know what I can do; but I shall be there." And so saying, it hurried on.

He came to another and asked the same question, and received the same answer. All were hurrying on to make the grand canal, in which the steamships of the West, with their heavy burdens, were to be transported. On the heads of the Alleghany, the Scioto, and the Mississippi, he found thousands more of little streams, hurried on by the same impulses, and which, while he yet spoke to them, passed out of sight. None knew what he could do, but all were determined to do something. He passed on, till he came to the mighty Mississippi, and there he found the canal was made! The noble steamships rode proudly on its surface, and, as its waters diminished, they were again replenished to the brim, by every mountain-spring and every stream. Thus do the little rills make the stream, the stream the river, till the united waters of the whole pour on their way, rejoicing, to the glorious ocean. So is man to the mass, and the mass to the grand tide of human affairs. Each little mortal, weak and weary though he be, can do something in making up the mighty stream of human events, as it rolls on to the ocean of eternity."

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

We find the following account of a strange affair in the London Globe of the 12th of March, which, if true, furnishes another striking illustration of the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence, and the terrors, surpassing all of which imagination can conceive, that environ the miserable wretch doomed to a public execution.

"A French paper, called the Audience, contains a letter from a private correspondent, dated Gibraltar, the 28th ult. which states that an opulent British merchant, named James Boxwell, long resident there, had been tried and convicted of the murder of his daughter, on circumstantial evidence, and that on his way to execution, the convict saw in the crowd another Englishman named John Keats, who had been extremely active in collecting evidence against him. The convict expressed a desire to die in peace with all mankind, and to pardon this person whom he had considered his greatest enemy. When the convict reached the scaffold, the executioner prepared to execute the sentence of the law, when a voice was heard in the crowd exclaiming—'It is I that am guilty, not the convict.' This exclamation was made by John Keats. He confessed that it was he who had carried off James Boxwell's daughter: that he had cut off her hair during her sleep, and stolen one of her dresses, which he steeped in blood: and that the generous pardon granted to him by his victim had caused him to reflect on the enormity of his crime. The executioner immediately withdrew the rope from the convict's neck and the cap from his face, when it was discovered that *he was dead from the effects of terror.* The atrocious John Keats was conducted to prison amidst the execrations of the populace, who wished to tear him to pieces."

SINGULAR DISTURBANCE OF A SCHOOL.

In the town of St. Antoine, department of Doubs, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of July 27th, three bulls had been fighting in their pasture. One of them finding himself growing tired, took flight, and, being pursued by the other two, took refuge in the village school-room, at a time when the scholars were all assembled there. Mr. Repine, the teacher, made vain efforts to drive him out; the bull pushed by his two conquerors and knocked down the master, who was thrown from the other side of the table. A most horrible scene then commenced; the furious animals continued the contest with each other in the room where there were forty-two pupils, upset and broke benches and tables, and even the master's desk.

The master, though at first terrified by the unexpected scene, and the tears and cries of the children, soon succeeded in recovering his presence of mind, and selected the only means of safety which was possible. He saved all the children, by taking them from under the feet of the combatants and putting them through the window into a garden. For more than two minutes most of the scholars were prostrated and trodden on by the bulls; yet they escaped with no injury but bruises.

The school-room, after the bulls left it, exhibited marks of entire devastation—the windows broken, as well as the benches and tables, the teacher's desk and everything in it forming one heap of ruins. Every one does justice to the devotedness, the courage, and the presence of mind of the teacher. If he had become bewildered and left his charge, many would doubtless have been killed or crippled. *These boys will probably long remember the difference between a B and a Bull's foot.*

A MONKEY'S MEMORY.

Authors generally seem to think that the monkey race are not capable of retaining lasting impressions; but their memory is remarkably tenacious, when striking events call it into action. A monkey which was permitted to run free, had frequently seen the men servants in the great country kitchen, with its huge fireplace, take down the powder horn that stood on the chimney-piece, and throw a few grains into the fire, to make Jemima and the rest of the maids jump and scream, which they always did, on such occasions, very prettily. Pug watched his opportunity, and when all were still, and he had the kitchen entirely to himself, he clambered up, got possession of the well-filled powder horn, perched himself very gingerly on one side of the horizontal wheels placed for the support of saucepans, right over the waning ashes of an almost extinct wood fire, screwed off the top of the horn, and reversed it over the grate. The explosion was tremendous, and sent him half way up the chimney! Before he was blown up, he was a snug, trim, well-conditioned monkey as you would wish to see in a summer's day; he came down a black, carbonated nigger in miniature, in an avalanche of burning soot. The thump with which he pitched upon the hot ashes, in the midst of the general flare up, aroused him to a sense of his condition. He was missing for days. Hunger at last drove him forth, and he sneaked into the house close singed, and looking scared and devilish. He recovered with care; but, like some other personages, he never got over his sudden elevation and fall, but became a *sadder*, if not a *wiser* monkey. If ever Pug forgot himself, and was troublesome, you had only to take down the powder horn in his presence, and he was off to his hole, like a shot, screaming, and chattering his jaws, like a pair of castanetts.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A PARROT.

A Quaker lady in England had a little servant girl, whom she frequently called into the parlor, to instruct her in reading; and as she had a low, mumbling voice, her mistress had frequent occasion to reprove her, telling her to speak up—*can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter.* A favorite parrot which was kept caged in the parlor, from the frequent reiteration, learned to repeat this form of reproof verbatim. It happened that a ministering friend in his travels visited this family, and they had what is called a family sitting, in which the friend felt a concern to speak--and beginning in a rather low voice, the parrot sung out—*speak up—can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter!* The preacher raised his voice a little. But presently he heard the same command—*speak up—can if thee will—mutter, mutter, mutter, mutter*, and the reproof was repeated till the preacher found that nothing but the audibility of his voice would silence the pert reprover. It is needless to state that Poll was never after permitted to be present during a family sitting.

THE DRUNKEN SOW AND HER POOR PIGS.

A woman who drank deep at the wine cup, as well as the brandy bottle, was the mother of a lovely little girl, about ten years of age, who often wept in secret at her mother's degradation. One day, observing the grocer, where her mother used to get her supplies, empty a quantity of cherries into the street, that had been in a barrel of rum, and a sow with a brood of pigs eagerly devouring them, till she could neither stand nor walk, and her pigs running and squealing in alarm, the little girl said,

"Mother, mother, come to the window a minute."

"Why, what's there, my dear?"

"O, mother, see the sow; how my heart bleeds for those poor pigs."

"And why do you feel so much for the pigs?"

"Because, to think how ashamed they must be to have a drunken mother."

The rebuke was effectual, the mother thus far has ceased to drink.

GEMS FROM JEAN PAUL.

Place not tempest against tempest; but set the Æolian harp of the poet against the storm, and perhaps it will answer thee with sweet accord.

Whoso doubts, let him doubt. Anxiety predicts the thunderbolt moving overhead. He who hopes, has already conquered, and shall conquer again.

Earth is but little, compared with the Heavens, and only one more mote in the sunbeams. But a great, manly heart remains great, even in the light of Heaven.

He who has lost the earth, sees Heaven. He who has conquered it, sees Heaven again.

He who is of a just and valiant mind, must be happy in working with a coming time, be it through doing or suffering.

O, faint-hearted! Before your eyes the grandeur and immensity of earth's destiny towers up; but your fear only forebodes that it will fall on *yourselves*—it stands there so loftily! And do you not stand on the shores of the ocean, and see the same towering up in the distance, over your shore? Yet you do not fear that the mountain of water will fall on you, since you know that the great circle of the earth sustains it.

Peach-Orchard Coal, $5 50 per Ton.

WM. P. POWELL, 61 Cherry street, will furnish at the lowest market prices, a superior quality of Peach-Orchard, Schuylkill, Lehigh, Lackawana, and Liverpool Coals. ☞ Orders through the Post Office, and otherwise, if left at either of the following places, will be thankfully received, and promptly attended to,

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New-York, October 20, 1842. 6m

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All orders punctually executed, at the shortest notice.

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Philadelphia, June 16, 1842. p.—6m.

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Nov. 17, 1842. *N. W. corner Arch & Fifth sts. Philad.*

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AND

Free-Labor Advocate,

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WE HOLD THAT THE CORNER STONE OF THE CITADEL OF UNIVERSAL FREEDOM, CONSISTS IN ABSTINENCE FROM THE PRODUCTS OF SLAVE LABOR. It is confidently believed that just so soon as the people of the free States stop trading with, or buying the productions of, the slave States, slaveholders will begin to pay wages, and hence slavery cease to exist. Young men and young women are invited to take an interest in this cause, and subscribe for the FRIEND OF FREEDOM.

Communications from them and others, written in a plain, familiar style, and as briefly as the nature of the case will admit, will be thankfully received and attended to, provided they be accompanied with the name and residence of the writer.

With the blessing of Heaven upon the unwearied exertion of the friends of suffering humanity, the Jubilee of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION will ere long arrive.

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11th Month, 1842

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